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Cleland..

Boy, Are You Lucky!

VANCE clung to the bottle as he scurried across the blackness to the rickety penthouse. Caldwell was at his desk, a ahead of yellow copy paper in his hand, and Vance put on a grin as he advanced with the bottle.

"That the third act?" Caldwell nodded, one eye on the bottle. "What did you think of the rest of it?"

"If the third is as good, you've got a smash, kid. Open this and get some glasses."

"Sure," Caldwell said, "I'll drink with you."

Vance, standing at the desk, moved the instant Caldwell disappeared into the kitchen. It took a moment to open a drawer, drop a handkerchief over the small-calibre automatic there and pocket it. He was smiling as Caldwell poured the drinks, but he could tell something was wrong and was glad his plan had been made in time.

"Four days it took me," Caldwell said, his grin mirthless and the stamp of weariness upon his haggard blond face. "Thanks to you."

"Me?" "I didn't know until then how much you hated me, nor how long you'd kidded me along. Because of Margaret, wasn't it?"

Vance tried to control his facial muscles, to look surprised and hurt. Yes, you stupid fool, he thought, and knew that there had been a hate of sorts even before Margaret—even when that first successful collaboration took them to Hollywood. He had tolerated Caldwell then because he needed him, always jealous of his talent as he made him believe that it was he, Vance, who knew construction and technique. When Margaret, a bit player then, had turned him down for Caldwell—

"Are you crazy?" he said.

Caldwell picked up the stack of bills, grunting softly. "You're good, old man. I've got to hand it to you, kidding me into thinking you were the one who was broke. Rent money I had to borrow for you, charge accounts I couldn't pay. This one's my eviction notice—I've got until the first. Here's the attachment on the furniture, what there is of it."

He waved a hand, and continued.

"You've been talking about me for quite a while, haven't you, Vance? Just a word here and there where it would do the most good and start

Vance planned the perfect murder, but forgot to allow for fate's strange tricks. Tense, absorbing drama.

By GEORGE H. COXE

the creditors yammering. Poor old Caldwell! Washed up, finished, written out."

"You're out of your mind," Vance made the smile come again to cover his wrath. "Why, we've been together five years—"

"Sure," Caldwell stuffed the bills into an inside pocket and drank again. "I didn't believe it, either, when I found out what you'd been doing. And then I saw the reason. You held back your own dough and kept working me deeper into debt, figuring Margaret would divorce me when you had me on the ropes."

He laughed shortly. "When we had our scrap a year ago, who was it that kept harping about my pride and independence? Who insisted I had to leave her until I'd proved myself again? Oh, you're good, all right. As good as I was dumb. I asserted myself. I left her to work with you—and this is what it got me."

He pulled out a telegram and tossed it on the desk. Vance had seen it before—had counted on it: a wire from Simonds, their agent, saying that a revise of an old story had proved a bust.

"Well, thanks for everything, pal. I'm writing my own stuff now. I just wanted you to be the first to read it." Caldwell put down his glass. "I'm broke, all right; but I've enough to eat while I revise it and get it copied, enough to air-mail a copy out to Simonds. After that I won't need money. Go ahead and read it."

"With you heckling me?" Vance rose. "Stop acting like a freshman. I'll be back after I've read it. Maybe I'll bring a doctor."

With the need for pretence past, he was not aware of the chill blast that struck him as he crossed the roof, but only of the bitter hate inside him.



Vance was wiping off the gun, amazed at the simplicity of what he had just done.

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BILE BEANS

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Caldwell was still at his desk. Vance walked straight to him, his grin fixed and colorless, pulled out the gun, leaned over, and put it against the hardness of the man's chest.

The report of the gun was muted. He saw Caldwell's torso jerk slightly, the look of surprise in his eyes. Then, even as he slumped forward, Vance was wiping off the gun, amazed at the simplicity of the act, the absence of all emotion.

He felt for limp fingers, imprinted them on the gun, which he left on the desk—a man shooting himself in the heart would use his thumb on the trigger and therefore could not cling to a gun—and knew his job was done. Call the police and, while they were on their way, destroy the carbon of the script. That was all.

Lieutenant Myers stood over the still figure that now lay on the divan and watched the ambulance surgeon work beside it.

"Hang on," the doctor said. "I'll have the slug in a second." He made a deft twisting motion with his forceps, flicking the bullet out on a piece of cotton and passing it to the lieutenant.

"Now," he said, and slapped on an emergency dressing so Caldwell could sit up. "Knocked you out, but it didn't penetrate more'n a half-

inch," he said. "Thanks to these. Boy, are you lucky!"

Caldwell's face was white and set as he took the stack of unpaid bills that had been in his shirt pocket next to his heart, and he inspected curiously the jagged, matted hole.

"So's the other guy lucky," Myers said. "Lucky, when we pick him up, it won't be for murder. He had a sweet plan. The suicide phone call he faked was smart. Only when he got up here he found out he'd trapped himself. When he saw this phone was out of order he knew we'd know the call never could've been made. So the whole thing blew up in his face and he had to run. The Wards saw him and called up."

"It wasn't out of order," Caldwell said shakily, and glanced at the topmost bill in his hand—a form statement from the telephone company saying that, due to the unpaid balance, service was being discontinued. He passed it to Myers.

"Vance can thank himself for that one."

"And, brother, it's a good thing you had a stack of 'em," the doctor said.

Caldwell sat quite still, a far-away look in his eyes. "Yes," he said finally. "It's funny, but I guess I'll have to thank Vance for those, too."

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It was John, not Norman, who followed as Ellen walked worriedly away.

NIGHT touched the windows; only an uneasy murmur rose from the street far below. The cocktail-room where they sat, with its handsome people well-bred over their drinks, was muted as the dusk. Ellen lifted the olive from her glass and regarded her husband. "I'm sorry, John," she said. "It's happened again."

"But why should it?" he demanded. "Why do we take on like this? Here we come, glad the day's over, farin' for a drink. We sit down, and start to fight."

"I know."

"Did you have a hard day? Has Schiaparelli done something again? Wouldn't your copy come?"

She smiled, unsuccessfully. "No more than usual. I know it's my fault."

"Now wait a minute. I didn't say it was your fault. Probably it's mine. Only we ought to figure it out. We can't let this sort of thing go on, or—" He looked at her inquiringly. He was out of place among the fragile tables and sophisticated decorations; he was too big, too tanned and too serious.

"Look, honey, maybe these are growing pains. They say the first five years are the hardest."

"We've only had one."

"It's this town. If we could just be alone together, by ourselves for a while, Ellen—Why won't you give up the magazine?"

"It's not that, John, and you know it. Let's not go over that again."

"You're tired, and overwrought. I'm tired and overwrought. Maybe if just one of us was—"

"Well, who wouldn't?"

Well, she thought, here it is — if I'd been honest I'd have admitted this would come. Why couldn't you have something that happened to you burned off, like a wart?

"You're thinking of Norman?" he said.

"Yes, John, I am. What can either of us do about it?"

That was how John and Ellen Forrest parted. John moved out, and left Ellen the newly-quiet apartment for thinking it over; she promised to take no action before six months. Neither was to see or telephone the other.

She did not think it over, consciously, for days. Instead, she worked harder. American clothes, American designers required a build-up. She found herself building them up night and day.

Then, late one afternoon, Norman called her at the office. His voice—cool, polished and arrogant—reached through the steel of the city and spoke her name.

She didn't pretend that she was not glad to hear it.

"I'm told you're free again?" he said.

"That's not the way I'd put it."

"Of course you wouldn't. Available for private parties?"

"That depends on the party."

"Dinner to-night?"

my hands for a while? She sticks."

The party laughed. Norman enjoyed himself so much that he was waiting for Norman to ask her—if he ever got around to it.

He was an engineer, just come to town. Big, blond, powerfully built; all rooms seemed too small for him. He took Ellen home—and a month later she married him. Her friends, astonished, declared they thought she was waiting for Norman to ask her—if he ever got around to it.

They had something there, she thought, painting her lips. Norman made love to her, but never once did he say he loved her.

Now he arrived. She smiled; they shook hands. "Like old times," he said, and admired her dress. He always noticed her clothes. John never did.

They went to a small French restaurant.

"I expected to find you harassed by grief," he told her. "You look fine."

"I am."

"Are you going to tell me about it?"

"No."

"Why not? It would be in such delightfully bad taste."

"It's none of your business."

"That's right, isn't it?"

In his dinner clothes (John thought it silly to dress every night) Norman was handsome. His dark, sculptured look gave him a quality which touched the imagination. It

shortly after their marriage, that they had discussed Norman. John had said that the one thing wrong with Norman was that he had not been spanked often enough, or hard enough, as a boy.

At the theatre, between acts, Norman's appearance had its customary magnetic effect. The handsome, the brilliant detached themselves from other groups in the lobby, and surrounded them; Norman, at his best in a glittering throng, changed. He was charming. By his eagerness, he became almost boyish.

Watching him, Ellen thought: It's his wonderful sense of life, of movement. Now he was imitating the star's attempts to seem aristocratic; it was cruel, and witty. The lights winked for curtain: no one moved. Abruptly he said: "Come on, the only decent scene is coming up." Everyone scamped.

As they took their seats Ellen said: "Still giving your nightly entr'acte, I see."

Norman grinned. "Next year I tour the provinces."

Afterwards, before her door, he asked: "What about the opening of 'Music Takes Me,' Thursday?"

"I think not."

"Why?"

"Too many people."

"Don't be absurd. We're old friends, they say."

"Well—"

"Fine. Dinner first; seven." He tried to kiss her.

"Get out of here," she told him.

The orchestra was playing the overture when they sat down. Almost immediately Norman said:

"There's your some-time lover."

He indicated a figure several rows before them. "With Nick and Dolly Pierce." She felt an odd little quiver of excitement when she saw John.

and the curtain went up. She couldn't follow the action on the stage; what was she to do at intermission? If they went out for a cigarette they might meet John, and Norman might say something awful. If they stayed in their seats (which Norman would hate) John would see them on his way out. If he had already seen them he might remain, but he probably hadn't. She supposed the better chance was in going out. When the curtain fell, she told Norman: "I don't want John to see us. Let's get out quickly."

He grinned. As soon as they pushed their way into the lobby, Tom Devon, an interminably conversational newspaper critic, caught them and demanded Norman's opinion of the show. Norman made no effort to get away. She thought desperately of going to the ladies' room, but the crowd was so dense that she would probably only meet John on the way, and he, like everyone else, would see her in flight.

Now Devon was addressing her. Answering, she ignored Norman, who made no effort to disguise his amusement. She almost hated him; yet his old power, the fascination of watching what he would do next, held her. Now she would not flee and acknowledge defeat. For she recognised his action: with the male instinct for a showdown ruling him, nothing could move him from that spot.

Then John and the Pierces were there.

"Hello, Ellen," John said quietly.

"Hello, Tyrell," Norman introduced Devon. Dolly talked vehemently.

"How are you, Ellen?" John said. He towered above them all.

"Back to normal," Norman said, with meaning.

John reddened a little.

"You see she doesn't stick, after all," Norman added, significantly.

Even Dolly stopped talking.

John flushed. "Still the bright boy, aren't you, Tyrell?"

Norman looked up at John, his amusement mingled with triumph. Ellen was embarrassed for John; the light he stood in was ridiculous. What was worse, she helped cast it. To Norman she said, "Let's not be childish."

Please turn to page 4

By RUDOLF SHOOK

was that, as much as his erratic brilliance, which made people stare at him. He had written one satirical novel, and acted in several plays.

"What are you doing now?" she asked.

"Nothing. I always do."

"Don't you get tired of it?"

"Of course; I get tired of everything. I've got tickets for 'Rococo' to-night. Shall we go?"

"I'd like to. You've seen it, naturally."

"Yes. It's terrible. But there's one scene—" He described it, illuminating it, she was sure, as neither the author nor the actors had done. Listening to him, his biting intelligence absorbed in so idle a task, Ellen remembered what John said of him the only time.

BUT John had no A Jolt for a Lady

Continued from page 3

gift for spoken injury, who could match Norman at it? There, she saw, was something, too. Norman's words had lacked their usual style; he had been merely rude. Was it possible that his emotions were involved? There was no other sign of it. John's face, hurt and helpless, intruded upon her thoughts.

Norman continued to call. His showdown, completed, seemed to have no more significance than bear-baiting. He still tried to make love to her; there was no sign that he meant it. If only he would say he loved her, she prayed. She might be free of him then. Humbled, brought to heel, he might become ordinary, and her heart could take leave of those qualities in him her mind rejected.

It might be that the fascination he held for her was only habit, she reflected, and decided not to see him again. Then a sense of something unfinished disturbed her. She could not go on with her life until this part of it was ended, one way or another.

Without her being aware of it, he began to reclaim her. When he asked her out, she no longer hesitated; it was easier to go without thinking. She took up again the pattern she had dropped. But nothing remained the same. The old life, outwardly unchanged, was different. She was waiting for something to happen.

She was tired, too. Working hard, staying up late too many nights, she caught a cold. Norman, who was never ill, was annoyed. He hated to go home. One night he refused to.

It was two o'clock; they had come from a series of places hot and noisy. This one was the climax. "Norman, let's go."

"Why? I'm having fun. I'm thirsty."

"I'm tired."

"Have a drink."

"I don't want one."

Then she saw John, for the first time since the night at the theatre. He came into the room from the bar, and stood watching the crowd. His face was tired. She looked away, hoping Norman would not see him.

"Norman, don't be unreasonable."

"Why don't you go to bed days, like a respectable girl?"

She considered going home alone, and resigned the idea. "What a heel you are."

He patted her hand. "All right. After this drink. Let's dance."

"How are we to get on the floor?"

He turned away petulantly, and she glared at the back of his superb tail coat. When she looked up she found John standing before her.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, John."

"Hello, Forrest," Norman said. "Sit down."

"We're just going," Ellen put in.

John stood looking at her. "Don't let me stop you," he said evenly.

I must not let it happen again, Ellen thought. I must get Norman out of here before he says something terrible. "Norman, I've got a cold. I'm tired. I need sleep."

"We can't walk out on a friend."

"I'm not staying," John said.

"Oh, come on. I don't want to go anyway."

"Good-night," John said.

"You might as well stay," Norman announced, "because we are staying."

"You're a great guy, aren't you?" John said. "Full of city manners."

"They're my chief charm. You should have had more, Forrest. You might not be on your own to-night."

Anger, real anger, loomed in John's face. The color ebbed, and left his eyes hot, blue coils.

"By golly, Tyrell, if you were bigger, I'd—"

"Unfortunately," Norman said, "I'm not."

Ellen, feeling harassed and worried, gathered her wrap around her and left them. It was John who followed her and got her a cab. He did not address her.

What, what is the matter with me? Ellen asked herself desperately, alone in the dark of a taxi. How could I sink so low? A quarrel in a public place—how can people get themselves so mixed up? Now she was utterly lost. She would not see Norman again. John, obviously,

she declared.

In a few minutes the bell rang again. It was Norman. "May I join you?" He came straight to Ellen. "I followed you," he explained. "I'm sorry, really I am."

He grinned. "Thought you were going home?"

"Don't bother me."

"Don't sulk."

Suddenly they were aware of the silence. They turned, John stood in the doorway.

"I've changed my mind, Tyrell," he said. "About hitting you. You asked for it."

He started towards them. People fell back as he crossed the room. Norman did not move. He waited, insolently confident.

"Don't, John," Ellen said.

"Afraid I'll hurt him?"

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"You should have had this long ago," John said, with terrible calm. "Maybe it's too late now."

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The

The General was in a tantrum before which even the Congressmen quailed.

INCREDIBLE JEEP

ULYSSES TECUMSEH CLAP was draped over the metal filing cabinet in a state bordering upon mental and physical collapse as he stared at the back of the sergeant who had just announced that he had unearthed Fifth Columnist pamphlets in the general's possession.

His mind refused to function. Vaguely he heard sounds from the other room. They were not vague sounds, but, on the contrary, were very distinct, terrifyingly loud and distractingly incoherent. The general seemed to be choking. Unquestionably, the general was in a tantrum. It was no common or garden tantrum, but bade fair to set a record for volume and venom.

Even the four congressmen quailed, and when a member of a Congressional Investigating Committee quails there is something to quail about.

First-Class Private Wilson, in the kitchen doorway, quailed. The sergeant who conducted the search quailed. Probably so much quailing had never before been done in so small a room.

It would have been unanimous if Buster Shelton, with a glass of milk and a handful of crackers, had not emerged from the kitchen to investigate the disturbance. The general choked over a six-cornered expletive and came to a full stop. Buster tugged at Wilson's trousers and asked quite distinctly: "Why is Daddy yelling at the blasted interfering congressman?"

This touched the general off again. "Get that brat out of here," he said savagely. "Get everybody out of here. Subversive pamphlets in my drawer. Mine! In the commanding general's drawer! I'll find out who put that blankety-blank, double-distilled, whangety-bang stuff in my house if it's the last act of my life. The—the audacity! The—"

Once more he gagged on a sharp-angled word, and Congressman Knowles, who resented having been made to quail, said in a poisonous voice, "It is a matter that should be called to the attention of Congress. A major-general harboring subversive literature."

"Why, why, you long-necked, flopped politician! I'll find who committed this outrage and then rub your long nose in it." The general was neglecting to be diplomatic. "Why, your snooping ward heeler, I'll make you eat the whole bundle! I want the man who put those pamphlets in my room. I'll have him. I'll have his blood."

At this Ulysses Tecumseh undraped himself from the filing cabinet and tottered to the door. His duty was clear. Even in his terror Ulysses Tecumseh was not one to allow another to suffer for a fault of his own. He tottered to the door and stood there, not without some semblance of dignity, and saluted.

"Hi, General," he said somewhat feebly.

The general gasped at this mode of address. "Get out of here!" he roared. "Get out!"

"But, listen," said Ulysses Tecumseh beseechingly. "I got something to say."

"Get out of here!"

The sergeant at his side spoke out of the corner of his mouth. "For cat's sake, close your trap and scram," he said.

"I got to talk," panted Ulysses Tecumseh, but the sergeant seized him by the shoulder and forcibly directed him to the door, through which he shoved him. Ulysses Tecumseh decided to go away from there and write the general a nice, long letter explaining it all.

"What goes on, Private Clap?" asked Nancy Shelton, who came around the corner of the house holding Buster by the hand.

"It's terrible! Terrible!" he said. "Well, yes and no," she said. "Impressive, I'll admit. Private Clap, what was that thing that went off just before the main fireworks display?"

"That! Oh, that was my burglar alarm."

"Oh, you fixed it up for the general? At his express command, no doubt?"

"I thought it up myself," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "It is what the army calls initiative. The general likes initiative."

"He didn't seem to be tickled to death by this one. It was dandy, though. Something you invented yourself?"

"Why, yes," he answered.

"Stick to it," she advised. "Did they really find this Fifth Columnist junk under the general's bed?"

"In his filing cabinet," said Ulysses Tecumseh. And then, without meaning to do so, but finding an irresistible need to confide in someone, he said, "I put it there."

"You what?"

"I put it there."

C. B. KELLAND

"So you're a Fifth Columnist, are you?"

"Goodness, gracious, no. I never saw a Fifth Columnist. I don't know what a Fifth Columnist does or how you get to be one."

"But you're working for them?"

"I assure you," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "that I am not. I simply put that stuff where it was found to get rid of it."

"The basic idea was good," she said. "Now tell all."

"I found it in my trunk," he explained. "Someone had put it there to get me into trouble. So I had to get rid of it."

THE STORY SO FAR:

DISASTER overtakes ULYSSES TECUMSEH CLAP soon after his entry into the United States Army. Fifth Columnist pamphlets have been circulated in the camp to the fury of GENERAL SHELTON, and Ulysses finds bundles of them in his trunk.

Not daring to confide in HARVE STONE, a fellow draftee with whom he has made friends, or NANCY SHELTON, the general's niece, he takes the pamphlets with him to the general's room, where he is working on odd jobs, and hides them in the filing cabinet.

But the general has ordered that everyone's quarters should be searched for pamphlets, and just as he is interviewing four Congressmen the sergeant conducting the search announces the finding of the pamphlets in the filing cabinet.

NOW READ COLUMN 1.

"It's a thought that would occur to one."

"So the general ordered that everybody should be searched; and if I was searched the pamphlets would have been found, and the bottom drawer of the general's cabinet was empty, so I put them there—just kind of temporarily."

"Oh, just kind of temporarily. You are very resourceful, Private Clap."

"I wish you would stop calling me 'Private Clap.'"

"Very well, Private Clap. What does your inventiveness suggest from here on?"

"Well, I thought I would go back to barracks and write the general a letter."

"Just a nice, homey, chatty letter."

"Because he wouldn't let me talk. I tried to tell him, but he threw me out."

"It's a habit of his. You feel it is your duty as a soldier to confess all to my uncle?"

"Naturally."

"Oh, naturally," she said. "Well, you potter along and write your letter, but do not entrust it to the mails, because it might be years and

years before it would reach Uncle. Military channels, you know. What you want is action."

"Quite," said Ulysses Tecumseh, using the general's favorite word.

"You write it and give it to me," she said. "I'll see it is properly and promptly taken care of. And, in the meantime, button your lip until you hear from him."

"Thank you," said Ulysses sincerely.

He walked slowly back to his quarters and up the stairs to his bed. The room was unoccupied except for a young man who lay, face pillowed on his arms, on a bed in the corner. He was a large young man, for he stretched from one end of the bed to the other. Ulysses Tecumseh remembered that his name was Stevens.

Stevens raised his head and peered at Ulysses Tecumseh. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," responded Ulysses Tecumseh.

"I'm waiting to get discharged from the hospital," Stevens said. "Touch of flu."

"Lots of it around," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "So I hear."

Please turn to page 18

HER SON

Dedicated to all mothers
By ISABEL KNOX

LAWSE!" Mrs. Hodgen was leaning over the gate, letting the broken pickets stick into her. She gnawed at her wrinkled washerwoman's fingers. "Seen my Alan?" she called to Alf Levy, who was passing. She knew the answer as she asked the question.

"Yerss, I seen 'im," Levy gave the silly cackle of the inebriated vulgar. "Down the rub-a-dub I seen 'im. Ef you're gonna fetch 'im, take a w'eelbarren'."

She was going to fetch him. Mrs. Hodgen took off her apron and put on that curious badge of respectability, her hat. Like the banners of England the hat had that stormy and battle-torn look. Flowers and berries had once made a garden of it, but they had melted away with the snows of a dozen yesteryears. Wire that had once stuck out the rim had broken down under the strain of thousands of puttings-on and takings-off. The place where her "bun" fitted stuck out in a permanent onion-shaped bulge. But it was her hat. In Port, the last thing you shed was your hat. You put it on even when you were going to drag your son out of the pub on Sat'dee afternoon.

It took courage to do that. Mrs. Hodgen had been brought up Congregational and decent though the rigors of life had long separated her from any body of churchgoers. It took courage to enter the odoriferous bar with its confusing roar of voices; courage to worm yourself to the side of your son and grab him off while his friends did not conceal their jeers. But she had done it before; she would do it again.

"Alan," she said, putting her hand on his arm. He shook it off. "C'mon," she said, persuasively. He turned on her.

"Don' tush me. Get out!" She could not argue with the furious finality of the tone. She went. This was the first time he had withstood her thus. It marked a climax. She had fought every step of the way out, but had nouse enough to know when she was beaten.

There were no words for the passionate misery that filled her heart. Like Hagar in the desert, she could only clutch her son to her and say "Help!" Only her desert was the washhouse and she could only clutch her son after a manner of speaking.

Usually she did their "own" washing on Sunday morning, but now she knew instinctively that she would find relief in the accustomed work. She bent over the tub, rubbing expertly at the necks and under the arms of his blue working shirts, rinsing and wringing. All her being was concentrated in a dumb, beseeching cry. A tense, tremulous whispering issued from her lips:

"You're a Father Yerself. You been through it. You know 'ow it feels w'en they're after Yer Son. Wot'll I do? Remember my Alan, wot a bonzer little kiddie 'e was w'en 'e come outer the bath, fat and pink, and 'ow nice I kept 'im with the baby powder and everythink? P'raps I done wrong later on w'en 'is dad died an' I never kept 'im to the Sunday-school. But You know wot kids are."

"They useter laugh at 'is clo'es somethink awful. Yer couldn't expect a kid to want'er. Oh, I dunno! Remember that time 'e won the billy-cart race out of all Port? An' w'en 'e started at the fack'ry 'ow 'e useter hand out the necessary. 'Ere y'are, Mum, buy



"C'mon," Mrs. Hodgen said persuasively, putting her hand on Alan's arm.

yerself a car this week,' 'e useter say. Lawse! I dunno 'ow it all started. But listen, I hev to tell Yer 'e's goin' wrong now an' I can't

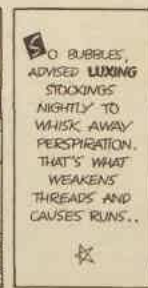
do nothin' for 'im. You know wot it feels like w'en the devils are after Yer only Son. Well, they're showin' my son the kingdoms of

the world in a bottla booze. Wot'll I do? 'Eip!"

After a pause, she added in such

"It isn't as though I been a one always askin' for some trifle or such."

She stooped over to poke the



• We present Australian writer Isabel Knox as winner of a £200 prize in the War section of our £2000 Fiction contest. This is her winning entry—a tender, understanding story of a mother and her son, lifted from the lives of the people in a world at war.



For an instant time paused. Their eyes met.

sheets, salt mingled with the soda and steam rose from the copper in cloudy billows like the incense of prayer.

Alan was more silent than ever after that Saturday. One day he came home and said, "I've enlisted."

"They'd never take yer. You're not tall enough!" It was a maternal protective cry.

"I parat. Only got ter get me teeth filled."

"Wot for, on earth?" she demanded returning to the enlistment.

"Dunno." No more than she was able to express the emotion, the deep things that moved within him. Lawse! She reeled under the blow. Them camps. The things you 'eard!

When he went into camp she resigned herself bitterly to the inevitable. But he came home on leave a changed, a transfigured being; clear of eye and brisk of gait, with a scrupulously neat uniform, trim hair, and hardest of all to believe, well-filled pockets.

"Wot struck yer?" she ejaculated in delight. He grinned sheepishly, squirmed a little, but returned no answer.

Living as she did among neighbors who feasted on crude drama and second-hand tragedy with all its unclearly attributes, she had heard only of the ugly side of camp life. She could not have been expected to know that stringent routine, discipline, hard exercise, fresh air and genuine comradeship would give him what his starving youth demanded. New delights were driving out old necessities.

Before he went back to camp he shoved an envelope into the kitchen drawer.

"Get yer varicose veins fixed," he said. Then bursting the bonds of

his restraint: "Don't worry about the booze. I don't need it like I used to."

The manliness of him echoed his word. She believed and rejoiced. As she rolled the sleeves back over her mottled arms, she murmured:

"You dunnit. I hev to thank Yer. Yer found a way ter save 'im. Xcuse if I seem a nuisance, but will Yer keep 'im like it. I'd be obliged."

Her heart overflowed in silent paeans.

He sent her his photograph and the money to buy a locket. She wore it bravely on her shrunken breast.

"Why, he's quite handsome. Quite a lad!" said young-and-lovely Mrs. Court-Brown where she went on Choosdees. "Proud of him, I guess."

There was a towering castle of pride inside her, but no words to express it. Silently she went on scrubbing down the table.

"Our old idiot!" said Mrs. C.-B. savagely, blobbing on mascara in the bathroom.

In the delicious happiness of the minute the mother was capable of little reasonable anticipation. She was vague about the purpose of the war and about Alan's duties and destination. She was absorbed by the pleasure of making him things.

At first she found it difficult to knit. Amazingly she watched the flying needles of girls in the tram. They were painted and wore very "fancy" hats, but the way their needles flew! Lawse! Sweet triumph stole through her as she thought that she was going home to knit for her "boy." In the beginning the garments were fearful and wonderful.

The first sock looked as though it had been made for a club-footed midget, and the next for a hammer-toed giant; but the perseverance that had won a living from a desperately uncharitable world gave slow skill to her knotted hands.

She cooked, too, bending over the fire-stove late at night in an effort to concoct recipes she found in the papers given her by Mrs. C.-B. She stunted herself to buy expensive ingredients—angelica, crystallised cherries, Roman plums, and blanched almonds. With a dramatic effort of will she forced herself to overcome the mysteries of Post Office regulations. Lawse! wot a life.

YOU'LL have to re-write this, Meddum. Done on the wrong form. That form over there for sending parcels," they bawled at her, carelessly tearing up the laboriously-written card. She would start again, with many preliminary dips in the inkwell, much moistening of tautly-drawn lips, all her being put forward into one supreme effort of concentration as she traced the half-forgotten letters of childhood, spelled the difficult words p—no, P—u—k, no, P—u—c—k—u, no, P—u—c—k—u (that was it, p—u—n (careful now) y—u or a, she never could remember), the last was easy, I.

He was to march through the city. Her Alan! Marching with the troops for all the world to see.

"Can't come," she told Mrs. C.-B., whose "day" it should have been. "Not this time—not just this once. Me boy's marchin' through the city."

"Alone?" queried Mrs. C.-B. spite-

fully. She did not like to be "put out." It meant that her mother would have to come and help with the washing, a thing that frayed both their nerves. Really old Hodgson was getting to be quite a nuisance with this everlasting son of hers.

No Fancy Hat would elbow her from her early-sought, tenaciously-held position by the barrier. Long, long before the lean, brown faces appeared, faces and necks that seemed to grow gracefully from the uniforms, so harmonious were the blending browns, then veins of hers were achin' and throbbin' somethink crool. An' Lawse! her bunion.

"Old fowl!" muttered a Fancy Hat savagely. "Won't budge an inch. I'll never be able to see Herry through the back of her head." She made a sour grimace at Mrs. Hodgson's hat. Mrs. Hodgson never knew that the broken wire of the faithful one avenged her later, during the height of the excitement, by inflicting sharp injury on the petulant girl's face.

In the old washerwoman the martial music stirred some forgotten thing that had lived and silently descended through ancestral generations who had been sold as slaves in the industrial market. Forgotten were the pain, the fatigue, the humility of a lifetime, present only the pride, the consciousness of high honor. Eagerly she watched as face after face, rank after rank approached, stayed for the smallest minute, and passed on down the hidden, secret lanes of the future. Face after face, rank upon flowing rank.

Alan's face. For an instant time paused. Their eyes met. They

exchanged a small, grim, quaintly-similar nod.

One Saturday he came home and said: "Final leave!" something foreboding in the sound of it made her start back, though its meaning was unfamiliar.

"Wot's that?" He explained. "Were to?" she asked again briefly.

"Can't say. Letcher know. Forget it now. C'mon, we're goin' out."

She had her day. First-class into town and then, my stars! He made her buy a new hat. Navy, this time. Very chaste, with a quill.

"Were's the old 'un?" she whispered as they walked out of the shop.

"Let' be 'nd," he answered grimly. They did not hear the beautiful, lacquered-swan-like assistant say: "You need rubber gloves for a job like this," as she thrust the emblem of a long struggle into the wastebasket. They had sallied forth to a new adventure of luncheon on the Block.

They sat near a great window where you could look down on the city flowing below. Poppies on the table and rolls instead of bread. Silver knives and forks. She noticed he no longer held his knife like a pen, nor his forefinger rammed desperately along the bowl of the fork. Half-jealous of an unknown teacher, but quickly imitative, she relaxed her death-grip of the cutlery, and—surprisingly—found it easier. When it came to coffee (coffee, not tea!) she remembered to crook her little finger with jaunty elegance in the gesture of her youth.

Please turn to page 8

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Her Son

Continued from page 7

SHE wore her locket, of course.

In the afternoon they went to Glembrook in the little train he had adored when she had once saved enough to take him in his boyhood. First again. My Lawse!

The quiet hills, the greenness everywhere, the crowding gums, the soft, surrounding, melting beauty of it released her tongue for an unwonted freedom of expression. She brushed a hand across the landscape.

"You're really fightin' for this, Alan," she said.

"In a w'y," he conceded, looking pleased, but uncertain. Then suddenly, "No, I'm fightin' for Port. Our street an' our 'ouse."

In the delicacy of her soul she would not press him to say, "—and you." But deep, deep understanding flowed between them. For a moment they held hands dumbly. It was their nearest attempt at an embrace before he left.

It came to the last night to be spent in their plain, clean, small home. The red-checked cloth, the corned-beef with lettuce and beet-root salad, the stoking of the kitchen fire, the familiar brown-painted boards of the old room that was scullery, workroom, sitting-room, dining-room all in one. He helped her to dry-up.

"I see they been teachin' yer," she said, watching him stack the plates.

Later, from her well of infinite feeling, she fished up a long-pondered question.

"Remember yer Dad, eh?"

He shook his head. He remem-

bered only her. Her face, her voice, her hands. He looked at them, the toughened, thick, work-worn hands. They were fawn-colored with bluish, broken nails, the sole adornment the old-fashioned, wide, thin wedding ring. That was what he remembered. Those hands making things, doing things, washing, scrubbing, darning, polishing, fighting, fending, soothing, blessing, strengthening.

His mute worship did not show in his eyes that stared now into the fire. Romantic imagery could never register meaning with him, but through the mists of his slow brain he dimly divined her for what she was, a Galahad of the wrong sex, born out of place, out of time, but of knightly, unconquerable, shining spirit.

The clock ticked and the fire spat softly, and she put the kettle on for supper.

When she knew he had sailed, wordless prayer surged in her.

She did battle with the volcanos that threatened to shatter her breast. When it had subsided, she breathed:

"Listen, he's gawn! Look after 'im. Be good to 'im. You know wot I mean. Look after 'im in every w'y."

Her feet moved a little more painfully on the long, long trail.

Bardia!

On the way home she spent one of her hard-earned shillings on four



SMART WINTER ENSEMBLE designed by Worth, London, for four years' hard wear. The tailored frock and swashbuckling cape are made of brown and pale blue tweed. You can ring attractive changes by wearing a pale blue jacket over the frock or a nigger-brown shirt-waist frock with the cape.

flags. As a concession to the claims of empire she bought one Union Jack and instantly regretted that she had not made it four Australian instead of three. Was not her son an Anzac? And a victorious Anzac at that? Everyone knew about them. They were in the paper. Something racial mingled with the maternal thrill.

"Hullo, mother of an Anzac!" Mrs. C.-B. said in very jovial tones. There was nothing to reply. Only she glowed and throbbled as the fire of pride roared inside her.

She climbed on a chair to hang the flags in the ironwork of the tiny front verandah. They were still there a week later when the telegram came. It did not occur to her to stay at home. Mutely she gathered the shabby tools of her trade, the cotton apron, the hessian carry-all with appliqued cretonne flowers, the awful shoes with the lumps made by her bunions.

Piercely she thrust the agony aside as she waited for the tram. Not 'ere! Not now! No time for it now! It would have to wait. But there was something in the faded

old face that made Mrs. C.-B. say: "Any news of that son of yours, Mrs. Hodgen?"

"Dead," she answered curtly. "Killed in action."

"Unfeeling old thing!" murmured Mrs. C.-B., helping her Derek on with his coat in the hall.

Mrs. Hodgen started to sort the washing. A broken whisper burst from her trembling lips:

"Yours died, too, didden 'E... a sacrifice for many... well, Alan was only a sacrifice for Port, but... ooh, it 'urts, it 'urts!... Ah, the pain... Wot's that Yer say? Yers, there is another feeling, now Yer come to mention it, Yours come through a tough time, didden 'E?... real tough... but 'E come through... 'E beat the devils... never got no medal nor nothink neither... but Yer said Yer was pleased with 'im... proud and pleased... Oh, I get it!... now you watch, I'm gonna do my work reel good so's 'e won't be let down by 'is mother."

With great precision she attacked the sticks for the copper fire.

(Copyright)



YOU MEAN IT DOES
ALL THAT FOR MY GOLD?



CLEAR
STUFFY NOSE?



SOOTHES
SORE THROAT?



EASES
TIGHT CHEST
AND COUGH?

YES, SON—THIS ONE SIMPLE
TREATMENT RELIEVES ALL
THOSE MISERIES... THAT'S WHY
IT ENDS COLDS FASTER!



It will do your heart good to see how much comfort your child gets from a rub with VapoRub. With this one simple treatment you help his nose, throat, and chest all at one time—and shake off the cold so much quicker.

VAPOURS THAT CLEAR AND SOOTHE. Simply rubbed on chest, throat, and back at bedtime, VapoRub gives off healing vapours that are inhaled

with every breath. They clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, relieve coughing. At the same time...

WARMING POULTICE ACTION ON THE SKIN. VapoRub also acts on chest, throat, and back like an old-time poultice, loosening tightness, "drawing out" pain, working with the vapours to break up congestion. Relaxed and comfortable, the child soon falls off to sleep, and while he sleeps VapoRub keeps on working. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

MORE—AND STILL MORE USERS! Up, up, up goes the use of Vicks VapoRub as new MILLIONS of mothers discover this modern way of easing colds, miseries without internal "dosing". Now, in 71 countries, over 30 million jars of VapoRub are used every year.

VICKS
VAPORUB

NOW...IN 71 COUNTRIES...OVER 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Germolene
heals IN
RECORD TIME

SKIN OINTMENT

THERE is no waiting, no delay about the effect of *Germolene* on any kind of Skin trouble. It gets to work instantly! It cleanses, it heals, it soothes, it banishes blemishes and all unhealthy conditions. *Germolene* is the world's most wonderful healer. Do not continue to be irritated beyond endurance, disfigured by blemishes, fearful of a long-continued open wound. Get yourself a tin of *Germolene* without delay and say goodbye to your skin troubles.

From all Chemists and Stores.
Prices: 1/6 and 3/6

Germolene...

Quickly heals
ECZEMA, BURNS, WOUNDS,
INSECT BITES, HEAT RASH,
ABSCESSSES, SUNBURN, CUTS, etc.



ECZEMA



LEG TROUBLE



SO SIMPLE...so smart



● Simply-tailored frock in deep maroon wool, topped by a long, matching jacket is Joan Crawford's choice. With it a maroon hat swathed in turf-green veiling.

● Perfect for young sophisticates is Donna Reed's slim-fitting suit of forest-green gabardine, with a tailored topcoat to match. She adds a cunning little green hat.

● Blonde Virginia Grey poses in a dashing little suit of vivid red wool boucle with slender skirt and trim jacket. Black shoes, bag, and gloves and a perky beanie.

● For an afternoon in town Eleanor Powell selects a frock of blue-grey angora with pleated skirt fitted over the hip-line. A necklace of the corded material and silver chain accents the bodice.

From MGM studios.



HARSH REMEDIES are UNNATURAL

It takes a food to give you
normal
regularity



If you are relying on "shock remedies" to get your system working—then it's time you knew the full facts about purging. Ask your doctor! He'll tell you that over 75% of cases of a severe type of illness in people between 35 and 45, is directly caused by the over-use of harsh remedies. So don't risk your health another day! Stop taking harsh remedies. There's one safe way to get regular.



Here's where irregularity starts!

Take a look at your system's worst enemy—your dinner plate! Modern diets are practically devoid of "bulk". Yet it's "bulk" that your system must have to perform its daily function naturally. That's why those internal muscles of yours have become lazy, stubborn. And the use of harsh laxatives does nothing to restore their wasted powers.



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN acts in the same way as raw fruit and vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly. That's why doctors advise it. All-Bran forms a soft, bulky mass which absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination. You soon become regular. So keep your system functioning regularly the sure, safe way—with Kellogg's All-Bran.

Here's the safe way to get regular!

This nut-sweet breakfast food that supplies the missing BULK in your diet!

Bran has always ranked high as a "bulk" food. And Kellogg's All-Bran is bran at its best, pleasant to eat, and rich in "bulk". It forms a gentle mass which absorbs water and softens into a spongy "bulk" that tones up, cleanses, and brings about thorough elimination.

Start off breakfast with two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran, served with milk and sugar. (Let the milk soak in.) Do this every morning, and within a week you'll be feeling on top of the world—irregularity ended!

Get a packet of
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN from your
grocer tomorrow!

*I'm finished
with harsh remedies
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
has got me
safely
regular in
one week!*



SMART DESIGNS · FAST COLOURS · LONG WEAR
NILE Handkerchiefs are REAL Value!



Made from pure Egyptian yarn, in modern designs, Nile handkerchiefs remain fresh and smart through all their long life. For men only, 1/5; for Madam, 10d. Singly or in gift packages.

NILE

HANDKERCHIEFS
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE ATHLETIC SINGLES AND UNDERPANTS
Manufactured by Pioneer Sategoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 154 Broadway, Sydney

Fashion FROCK SERVICE

● "Mary Ann" frock with hat and bag to match — and the complete set takes 17 coupons.

THE "MARY ANN" frock is a charming style with a trimly tailored air that makes it perfect for business girls. The addition of the matching bag and youthful hat gives it the final fillip.

"MARY ANN" is obtainable from our Fashion Frock Department, ready to wear or traced ready for you to cut out and make yourself. The hat and bag are available traced only, but easy-to-follow instructions for cutting and making are supplied with each pattern.

The set is made in heavy woven linen in white, sage, green, rose, sky, airforce - blue, maize, dusty-pink, and sunset-pink.

The hat and bag, traced ready to make yourself, are 5/11 each, and require 2 coupons each.

Frock, ready to wear, in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11 (13 coupons); complete set, 49/6 (17 coupons).



Frock, ready to wear, in sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 42/- (13 coupons); complete set, 52/6 (17 coupons). Postage, 1/3d extra.

Frock, in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 31/6 (11 coupons); or complete set, 42/- (15 coupons), ready to make yourself. Frock, in sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 33/6 (11 coupons); or complete set, 44/6 (15 coupons), ready to make yourself. Postage, 1/3d extra.

● How to obtain "MARY ANN" In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering, be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

RADIANT HEALTH



Keen on games... clever at school... full of life... thanks to Eno's "Fruit Salt." Eno allows no poisons to get into her system to make her miserable. Give Eno to your children.

ENOS FRUIT SALT

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. "Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and a half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Try This for Seven Days for Eczema

Thousands of people who suffer from itching skin, eczema, and unsightly eruptions will be glad to know that Moore's Emerald Oil, the clean, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic oil, will banish their trouble in seven days or less.

For years you may have been using ointments and salves and while these may have helped to relieve soreness, they often choked the pores and did not allow the poisonous matter to escape.

Moore's Emerald Oil overcomes this objection for the oil penetrates down to the cause of the trouble and leaves the pores open and free to discharge all poisonous secretions. Moore's Emerald Oil is highly concentrated, and only a few drops are required at an application. You can get it at any chemist's, and if it doesn't end your trouble in seven days cost is promptly returned.

Fashion PATTERNS



F2255



F1999



F4564

F2253



F2254



F3145



F2256

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN DRESSES FOR THE NOT-SO-SLIM

Sizes: 32 to 42 bust.
No. 1.—Requires: 3½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 5d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
Box 383A, G.P.O., Adelaide | Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth | Box 4680W, G.P.O., Sydney.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME
STREET
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SIZE Pattern Coupon, 18/7/42.

F1999.—Dainty nightie with flattering waist-line. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4564.—Trim little coat made on princess lines. 4 to 10 years. Requires 1½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2253.—Youthful style with contrasting top. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds. for skirt and 1½yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2254.—Engaging suit with neatly tailored jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3145.—Simple but effective style for tweed. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2255.—Attractive, tailored coat with capacious pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2256.—Smart blouse that combines utility and charm. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



One little luxury every girl can still enjoy
a film star beauty bath.

IT'S ALWAYS
IMPORTANT TO HAVE
SKIN THAT'S SWEET-
APPEALING. USE LUX
TOILET SOAP FOR A
LUXURIOUS DAILY BEAUTY
BATH. YOUR SKIN FEELS
SOFTER, SMOOTHER —
LOOKS SO FRESH.

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Joan Bennett

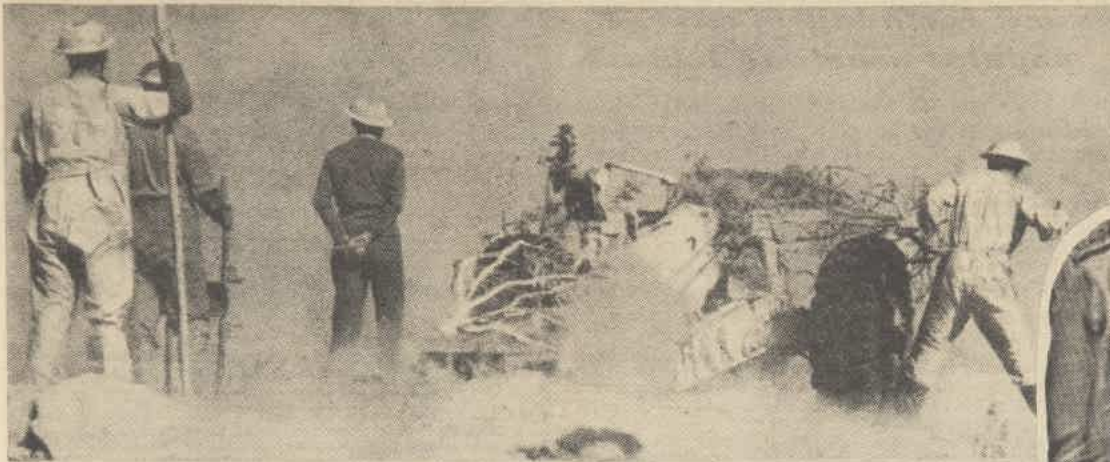
STAR OF 20th CENTURY FOX PRODUCTION
"CONFIRM OR DENY"



GIVES A RICH LUXURIOUS LATHER . . .
AND THE FIRM WHITE TABLET LASTS AND LASTS



TWO AUCHINLECKS - the General and the Sergeant



DESERT FIGHTING, now directed by General Claude Auchinleck in a desperate battle with Rommel's forces in Egypt.

While "The Auk" battles Rommel, wife drives army truck in India

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

There are two Auchinlecks in the British Army—General Auchinleck, whom the world watches breathlessly as he directs the backs-to-the-wall fight in Egypt, and Sergeant Auchinleck, his wife and every inch a soldier, too.

The sergeant and the general are agreed on this—that where there's a job to be done personal interests must take second place. That's why Sergeant Jessie is serving in the steamy heat of Delhi, India, while General Claude battles desperately in the desert sandstorms.

LADY AUCHINLECK stayed in India because she knew she was really useful there, where her husband had been stationed for some years and was commander-in-chief before taking over the Middle East command.

She joined the transport section of the Women's Army in Delhi, but that was only an addition to other valuable work for which she was gratefully noted.

"Ever since we were first stationed in India I've done welfare work among the Indian Army wives," she told an Australian friend who recently returned to England.

"Many of these wives are in purdah (veiled from sight of men) and I know I have been able to help them a good deal. My knowledge of Hindustani has been extremely valuable in this and in other ways.

"That's why I think it would have been a shame to have left India when my husband took over the Middle East command. It might have taken me quite a time to find ways of

being equally helpful in Egypt."

So Sergeant Jessie reasoned when she had to choose between accompanying her husband to his new battle station and staying at the place where she was sure of being a useful cog in the war organisation.

She felt it might be a bad example to the rest of the Army wives if the commander-in-chief's wife threw up a war job to accompany him the moment he received a new command.

Gladly Delhi retained one of its most popular and most hard-working Army personalities.

It's not difficult to understand Sergeant Jessie Auchinleck's choice when you consider her background.

War is as normal to her as peace is to most women. She's been married for more than twenty years to a man who was born at Aldershot, the great British Army post, and who has been fighting ever since.

She has spent a good deal of her married life on India's north-west frontier, where peace is almost unknown, as small tribal wars never quite cease.

That is why within the framework of the Army she is able to be such



DESERT CAMOUFLAGE. Like a jack-in-the-box this white-wrapped soldier pops up out of his camouflaged Bren-gun carrier.

a help as a serving soldier while continuing social and welfare work for those who have been caught up in the horrors of war.

Lady Auchinleck is a few years younger than her husband and more Scottish than he.

The general chose his bride from one of Scotland's first families.

Before her marriage in 1921, Lady Auchinleck was Jessie Stewart, of Innerhadden, Kinlochranoch, Perthshire—and you can't get anything more Scottish than that!

The general's family was originally Scottish, but his more recent ties of blood are with Ireland.

His wife is a woman of distinction in every way.

Her mind is alert, she is noted for a quick wit and an impish sense of humor.

Her charm comes from a combination of vivacity and good humor. She is of medium height with fair hair that sets in natural glossy waves.

Lived in America

WHEN she speaks you are mystified by her American accent, until you learn that she was educated in America.

One of her minor social talents is a trick of mimicry and she can draw in the American manner hilariously. She has been known to keep a party amused with her keen but kindly impersonations of American types from the quickfire travelling salesman to the languid Virginian.

She has the distinct flair for dress that is associated with American women, a keen sense of line and a care for detail.

Instinctively she dons her uniform with the same air of distinction. It is of khaki in lightest weight gabardine, a four-gored skirt and a belted jacket with four pockets.

With this she wears a khaki topee lined with green.

Yet though her quiet elegance is envied by other Army officers' wives, she is in no sense a leader of fashion. She just doesn't consider clothes of particular importance.

In spite of India's heat, Lady Auchinleck plays golf there as keenly as she played on the cold heaths of her native Scotland.

She and her husband are deadly rivals at the game and at Kashmir they would often play several rounds daily.

There they played at the famous Gulfaag Club, one of the best in the East and the highest in the world, for it is 8000 feet above sea level,

where the Army wives go to escape the heat.

Lady Auchinleck's other hobby is dancing, and in the little leisure she has after driving a truck and interpreting Hindustani she arranges small dances for troops stationed nearby.

When Auchinleck was appointed to the Middle East command a wide controversy opened on the pronunciation of his name among English and Scottish people.

In Scotland it has an alternative pronunciation "Auk-leck," a severely contracted form of a Gaelic word meaning "flat stony field."

But "The Auk" himself uses the English pronunciation, "Awk-in-leck."

He is, by the way, a descendant of James Boswell, who wrote the literary classic, "Life of Johnson."

The general is facing now the greatest test of his Army career. If he can save the situation in Egypt he will be proclaimed a really great general, for he will have outwitted and mastered Rommel, who has already proved himself one.

At Narvik

THE general is 58, and it's a pointer to his successful Army career that since this war began he has been called upon to take charge in several hot spots.

He was sent to Narvik in the Norway campaign, but experts agreed he was not to blame for failure there.

He was chosen for the supremely important job of preparing the vital defences of England's south coast in 1940, when an invasion from the Continent seemed possible at any moment.

When that danger was less acute he was sent off to India, where he had done most of his soldiering and where he was noted for his grand job of modernising the Indian Army.

He swapped jobs with General Wavell and came to Cairo as Com-



GENERAL CLAUDE AUCHINLECK, on whose generalship the critical battle for Egypt may depend.

mander-in-Chief, Middle East, about a year ago.

He has a big house in Cairo, which is run with the tidiness and precision of an army barracks by men. He won't have women servants.

He believes physical fitness is essential to good soldiering even for a general, and because of that he gave up pipe smoking.

Working day for this tall, powerful man is a mere 14 to 16 hours a day, and he startled some of the Anglo-Egyptians by not taking a siesta each afternoon.

In an order of the day to troops in Egypt when he took over command from Lt.-General Ritchie he said:

"The situation now calls for a supreme effort on the part of all of us. We are fighting the battle for Egypt. You have shown you can stick it. I know you will stick it right out until the enemy can no longer stand it . . .

"The battle is not yet over, and will not be over until we defeat him—and defeat him we will."



LADY AUCHINLECK is in the transport section of the Women's Army in Delhi, India. An artist's impression from a photograph.

Editorial

JULY 18, 1942

INSPIRATION FROM CHINA

AS the British approach the end of their third year of war the Chinese enter the sixth year of their desperate struggle.

In saluting China on so tragic an anniversary we take inspiration from the high courage her people show.

This has a special significance now, when our keenest anxieties are awakened by the dangers in Egypt and in Russia.

How often in the past five years have the noble people of China faced such hours of anguish as a brutal foe swept over their homeland!

And how often have they risen anew after reverses to fling fresh armies against a better equipped, a long-prepared enemy!

For years China fought alone. In Australia and elsewhere sympathy was extended, medical supplies and humane relief organised.

But how pitifully small must have seemed that contribution to their colossal struggle!

We who have had to call for the vital aid of fighting planes, fighting men, and fighting material know now what China has felt and suffered as she fought alone while a merely sympathetic world clung painfully to neutrality.

To that world China has shown sublimely that no nation is beaten until it surrenders. While the will to resist survives, the nation survives.

In watching China rise so often after all but mortal blows we have gained in strength ourselves.

No matter what befalls, we, too, will rise and fight again.

—THE EDITOR.

Ten thousand letters from our boys

Second birthday of this popular wartime feature

TWO years ago this week we commenced printing letters from our boys of the fighting services. Over ten thousand of their letters have since been sent to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Sailors, soldiers, airmen, nurses, and V.A.'s have been writing history in these letters home from the Middle East, England, Malaya, Darwin, Papua, Canada, South Africa, prison camps in Europe, and far-away ports across the world's oceans.

Letters from the three services have been chosen to mark the page's second birthday.

L.-Cpl. Mark Visser in Northern Australia to his wife in Browne St., New Farm, Qld.:

"I WENT 'bush' last week, and gained an experience which will remain a vivid memory for the rest of my life.

"For miles and miles we drove through green bush and oceans of restless grass, splashed with moving shadow patterns of swaying foliage overhead.

"We ate turkey, duck, and kangaroo, we camped among bamboo bushes which for all the world looked like fishing rods in the fishermen's hereafter . . .

"The stars seemed brighter at night and the sun had added lustre by day.

"The air was clear and bracing and seemed to brush years of fatigue and weariness off one's shoulders, leaving one younger and stronger and cleaner.

"We swam in billabongs, creeks, and rivers which would grace the palace gardens of kings.

"We met aborigines in a place which we thought devoid of human beings other than ourselves.

"They just arose from the ground like dark ambassadors sent by a dusky phantom king to do the white man's bidding.

"We commandeered their services with that strange inevitable air of superiority which the white man's whiteness gives him.

"They followed us and attended to our needs, then they gathered their spears, looked at the sun, which was high in the heavens, bade us solemnly 'good-night,' and disappeared as silently and unobtrusively as they had made their welcome entrance."

Lieut. T. M. Foggitt, R.A.N.V.R., in Scotland to Mrs. Foggitt, 247 Cavendish Rd., Coorparoo, Qld.:

"THIS gale has lasted ten days so far, so it should let up soon. "It blows us all over the sheltered loch we are in, so you can imagine what it is like outside.

"We have to sit and watch our anchors day and night, and when they start to drag it is a case of all hands to work.

"The other day the coxswain and I were getting in one anchor weighing about half a ton.

"The wind was blowing so hard that we literally could not breathe, and had to dive our faces under our arms to get a mouthful of air.

"I have often heard of this, but have never experienced it before.

"It is a peculiar sensation, for the wind seems to close one's face up.

"At one stage the coxswain lost his footing, grabbed the rails, and there he was, with his feet straight out behind him in the wind, just as a flag flies from a mast!"

Driver R. Wood in Syria to his mother, Mrs. M. V. Wood, Chittaway Rd., Quirimah, N.S.W.:

"ONE of the boys went up to the orderly corporal and asked: 'Are you the orderly scorpion?'

"The corporal said he had often been called 'ordinary corporal,' but never a 'scorpion' before.

"Did you hear the tale told by a news correspondent?

"He and a couple of brass hats were doing the after-supper stroll around the camp in the blackout when they saw someone swinging along with a lighted lantern.

"One of the officers called out: 'Who's there?'

"The reply came back, quick as a shot, 'Florence blooming Nightingale.'"

Queenslander Lieut. P. J. K. Cameron at an advanced Allied base to The Australian Women's Weekly:

"SOME time ago our O.C. referred to Moresby as 'The Tobruk of the Pacific,' and shortly after that someone came out with the idea that our boys in Moresby could be likened to those lads of ours who were in Tobruk.

"Hence the title, 'Mice of Moresby.' "To this title many of the Moresby boys have clung, just as they did in the early days to the name of 'Chocko.'

"Quite cheerfully, and with the typical Australian sense of humor, they called one another 'Chocko.' "Our Moresby lads are highly amused over their new name, attributed to some exasperated Japanese radio announcer who was trying to make excuses for the failure of the Japanese to make an impression on Moresby.

"Snakes of Moresby' the Japs called them, and claimed that though they knew there were Australian troops at Moresby they could not see them.

"Though they might be called 'Chockos' or 'Snakes,' the title that sticks the most is 'Mice of Moresby.'

"The early morning greeting of 'Wouldn't it?' or 'Wonder if Nippon will be over to-day,' or 'How many mozzies did you feed last night?' is forgotten for a while.

"Now we hear the hearty voice of the sergeant shouting, 'All out, all out!' And to the sleepy chaps, 'Are you a man or a mouse?'

"Then the cook, before serving out the well-known bully beef to each man, asks: 'Are you a man or a mouse?'

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.



PTE. HAWTHORNE, of Hamilton, N.S.W., is one of hundreds of servicemen who tell us The Australian Women's Weekly is the most widely read paper among the troops.

A sgt.-bomber in the R.A.F. to Miss B. Gardner, 10 Derby St., Camberwell, Vic.:

"QUITE the worst trip I've ever done was last Saturday night, when we went to Wilhelmshaven. The cold was absolutely wicked.

"Even my electrically-heated suit couldn't fight against it, while I still have a bad sore under my chin where my oxygen mask was frozen to it, and I only kept my hands from becoming useless by continually bashing them against the ammunition boxes.

"Still, we don't mind this when we have the compensation, as we did that night, of seeing our bombs hurrying right across the docks.

"Other trips, of course, have been rather trying. For instance, the trip to Duisburg was not so good.

"We all thought we were not going to get back. The flak was all round us and only providence and the superb skill of our pilot brought us through.

"We landed back that night very shaken and with 36 holes in the plane, one piece of shell coming right through my turret.

"Another trip was to Hamburg, when we had to jettison some of our bombs because the flak was so bad. And coming back from Berlin, wondering when we were going to fall into the sea as we were nearly out of petrol. I've been to Berlin twice now, by the way.

"Several times we've been caught in bad electrical storms that have just about shaken us rigid!

"But we have a wizard pilot, a grand fellow who is always superb when we are in trouble. When the rest of us have had fear in our hearts, his skill and curious light voice have cheered us—and brought us through. He has since been promoted, and is now the flight-commander."

Member of the A.I.F. in Northern Australia to a friend in River-
hard, S.A.:

"WE hear very little news of the outside world, and have no amusement at all.

"We are rather isolated. The nearest picture show to my knowledge is about 800 miles from here.

"The old mouth-organ comes into its own here.

"Our camp is only a small one, on the bank of a river, and is very pretty. At night when the moon is shining and everything is so peaceful and quiet, it is hard to realise there is a war on at all.

"Lights twinkle friendly-like among the trees, and songs fill the air as small groups of the boys sing and joke.

"The night hides the hideous reminders of war that are all around us and are painfully in evidence during the day.

"Night-time here is a constant reminder of the happy camping holidays I have spent and hope to spend again when this squabble is over."

Member of the R.A.A.F. in England to his sister, Miss J. Knight, 17 Foster St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.:

"LAST night I went to an old-time dance and met three pilot-officers I trained with in Canada.

"The dance was real old-time, so I decided to sit out and watch.

"The funniest incident was in a ladies' choice, when a whacking big dame about 18 stone asked one of my mates to dance, and he tried to get out of it.

"She just said, 'Young man, this is a ladies' choice,' and lifted him bodily on to the floor.

"He couldn't dance, and you should have seen him."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

Meet Lillie and Lilla . . . U.S. nursing twins

They came from Minnesota to nurse the doughboys here

By TORA BECKINGSALE

In Australia with the United States Army nurses are twins, Lillie and Lilla Anderson.

THEY—have never been separated.
—are in the same military unit, thousands of miles from home.
—weigh the same.
—measure the same in height.
—take the same size in shoes and gloves.
—have glorious complexions, perfect teeth, dress their hair in the same style.
—have twin brothers.

But they are not two-peas-in-a-pod twins. You soon know which is which.

IN the same voice and the same accent they chorused, "We were very anxious to do foreign duty and we're thrilled to be in Australia."

"We were at Camp Joseph T. Robinson at Little Rock, Arkansas, doing a year's voluntary military service when our orders came," said Lillie, elder of the twins by about two minutes.

"That was after Pearl Harbor!" said Lilla.

"We couldn't go home to Minnesota before we left. We just wrote to our mother, Mrs. Gust A. Anderson, after we were well on our way," said Lillie.

"We sent all our civilian clothes home to our youngest sister, Rose. We have two other sisters, who are married, and twin brothers, Clarence and Clifford, who are also married," they said.

"We were told that we would be leaving for foreign service by our Chief Nurse. You would call her matron," said Lillie.

"Yes, and we are never called sisters, like your nurses are. We would think that is familiar. We are always called Miss. Our rank in the Army is second-lieutenant."

"The Joseph T. Robinson Camp was in a very pretty location. Among hills and lovely trees. We lived in barracks which were steam-heated and had electric light," said Lillie.

"We bought bicycles and rode all over the camp, grand exercise. We had our bicycles painted red, white, and blue," said the twins, who are very athletic.

They were in the same baseball team at grade school. They both love long-distance running, tennis, swimming, and horseback riding.

Clothes have never been a problem to the twins. If one of them loses a pair of shoes she can always borrow from the other. They have always dressed alike. Sweaters and skirts are their most popular dress.

"We used to wear red plaid skirts and red sweaters at grade school and college," said Lilla.

"It is very useful that we can always shop for each other," they said, "even to trying on frocks."

The twins were born at Elmore, Minnesota. They lived there until they started their nursing training, which they did at the Iowa Lutheran Hospital, at Des Moines, in Iowa.

Then they went to college . . . to Drake University for two years to do a pre-medical course. It was from there that they were called for their year's voluntary military service.

Lillie and Lilla said that they have not had any serious illness in their lives.

"I broke my wrist when I was roller skating one time," said Lilla, "and not long after Lillie sprained her wrist, but that is about our full experience of being nursed."

Grand girls

"THE twins are grand girls. We think the world and all of them," said Miss Lilla Cameron, who is in charge of the group of U.S. Army nurses which includes Lillie and Lilla Anderson.

I chatted with her while the twins were being photographed, and she told me something of the training of nurses in America.

"It takes three years to become fully trained as a nurse. Then we take an examination given by the State in which we live. When we pass this



we are registered nurses and are allowed to practise any place in the United States. I guess it's recognised all over," she said.

"In our training we get a full course which includes training in obstetrics, tuberculosis, psychiatry, and dietetics," she said.

"In the States we emphasise the importance of vitamins. We treat a great number of diseases with diet."

She told me that the white uniforms the twins were wearing were army service uniforms. They are of crisp white poplin made all in one piece with wide folds in the

LAST week, in telling how tulle could be used as a drape for the head, our Beauty Expert stated that no coupons would be required for the purchase of the tulle.

This article was written before a definite ruling was obtained regarding rationing of tulle and the like. Tulle is a rationed commodity.

skirt, and a belt fastened with two white buttons.

On the left side of the wide collar is the military insignia with a white enamel "N" which signifies nurse. On the right side is a gold bar which stands for second-lieutenant.

Stiff white caps are worn far back on the head behind modern pompadour hair-do's. Field uniforms are of light blue crepe.

"A nurse's luggage consists of a foot-locker, which is smaller than a steamer trunk, one piece of hand luggage and a bed roll," said Miss Cameron.

"What is a bed roll?" I asked. "It is a canvas hold-all about three feet long. When we roll it up it depends on what we put in it how big the roll is."

"As part of our equipment we have two lovely thick blankets and a small tent packed in our bed rolls. I think they call them pup tents," she said. "All our shoes and heavy thick things go in the rolls, too. My, but they are handy," she said.

TWINS LILLIE AND LILLA, American nurses now in Australia, write home to their mother, Mrs. Gust A. Anderson, in Minnesota, U.S.A.

ROBINSON NEILL ADAMS HORDER
MCARTHUR SMYTHE COOPER
BROWN SMALL BATES
JOHNSON GIBSON MCGRAHON BINGHAM JAMES MURPHY
WATSON GIBSON MCGRAHON BINGHAM JAMES MURPHY
"IN SHORT" WHAT'S IN A NAME
JONES SOLQMONS LIVINGSTONE GRAHAM

HOW DID IT ORIGINATE
WHAT DOES IT MEAN
WHAT'S IN A NAME

TELL US YOUR SURNAME, AND OUR EXPERT, JOHN DEASE, ASSISTED BY JACK LUMSDAINE, WILL TELL YOU ITS HISTORY

2GB Mon. & Wed. 8-45 PM

FULLER MONTGOMERY GALLOWAY MELVILLE BARNETT TURNER ALLEN HAMILTON



ON DUTY. Twin sisters Lillie and Lilla Anderson trained at the Iowa Lutheran Hospital, Des Moines, Iowa, U.S.A. Did training together, went through college together, and are now on foreign service together.

The MACQUARIE RADIO THEATRE

presents

THE GREATEST PLAYS
THE FINEST PLAYERS

2GB SUNDAYS, 8 p.m.

July 19—"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

July 26—"On Trial"

Aug. 2—"Never Say Die"

Aug. 9—"The Scarlet Pimpernel"



DURING INTERVAL. Joan Mackie, Judy Norrie, and Mrs. Alex Rigby study programme at Theatre Royal. They attend theatre party to raise funds for North Sydney Day Nursery.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Alicia White (right) and cousin, Betty Considine, who will attend her when she marries Dr. Joseph Wadsworth on July 22. Alicia is daughter of the J. M. Whites, of Point Piper.



NEWSPAPER ART. Mrs. Jimmy Banks and artist Wep inspect some of his drawings at exhibition, "Cartoon and Comedy," being held this week at David Jones' auditorium. Funds for Red Cross.



FOR SOVIET RUSSIA. Liliana Nemchinova (left), who represents U.S.S.R. in Queen Competition for Allies' Day, lunches with one of her committee, Brenda Dunrich, at Romano's. Liliana's only brother is fighting in Red Army.

Intimate JOTTINGS



PLANNING DANCE. Pat Fuller, Marion Bull, and June Hunter read invitations they are sending for dance at Pickinick Club this Saturday. Proceeds to Sydney Hospital.



AT PRINCE'S. Members of District Nursing Association give party in honor of Matron Violet Harvey (left). At right is Margaret Clark. At back, Dorothy Marshall, Rowena Ganthrop, and Molly Fagan.

Heard Around TOWN

TELEGRAM for Mrs. Cuthbert Finlay from her sister, Jacqueline Ross, saying that she has announced her engagement to Dr. Noel Ure, of Brisbane.

Solitaire diamond ring for Jacqueline, who is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, of Boobers, Boggabilla. Jacqueline (known to all her friends as "Rosie") is only nineteen, and she is V.A. at 8th Casualty Clearing Station at Redbank, Queensland.

Her fiancé graduated this year from Brisbane University.

As yet, there are no plans being made for marriage.

HEAR from Brisbane that Mrs. Bruce Walker, formerly Yvonne Du Boise, is staying with Mary Chandler at Ross Roy, home of Mary's grandfather, Mr. W. R. Munro.

Yvonne and Bruce spend honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise . . . only have few days, as Bruce has to rejoin his unit.

AUGUST 15 is date chosen by Betty Keefe for her marriage to Bruce Monckton . . . guests invited to ceremony at St. Mark's, and then to reception at bride's home at Bellevue Hill.

Betty is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Keefe, and her fiancé is only son of the H. J. Moncktons, of Bellevue Hill.

Bridesmaid will be Margaret Marr, who recently became engaged to Captain "Jaka" Travers.

PAMELA ROBERTS marries Captain J. C. Manners, ("Pops") Manners, in Royal Marines, in London at week-end . . . wedding takes place at St. Saviour's Church . . .

"When I saw this huge church I felt rather nervous," says Pam in letter to parents, Surgeon-Commander and Mrs. W. E. Roberts, "so we decided to hold ceremony in the dear little chapel at one side of it." Pam is wearing pink topaz engagement ring. It was in collection of antique jewellery which belongs to Pops' mother, Mrs. H. C. Manners, and he chose it for Pam.

DARK-EYED Neela Neale begins training as nurse at Sydney Hospital.

NEW home in Melbourne for Mr. and Mrs. Pieter Wassela. They have taken a flat at Hillcrest, South Yarra.

Pieter had joined A.I.P., but he was seconded and appointed to position of Vice-Consul for Netherlands in Melbourne.

At moment their two children, My and Pieter, are staying with their grandmother, Mrs. My Henry, at her home in Sydney.



CELEBRATING THEIR ENGAGEMENT. Joan Woods and Pilot-Officer John Maxwell dine and dance at Prince's. Joan is daughter of the N. E. Woods, of Darling Point.

ENTHUSIASTIC meeting launches auxiliary for 2/7th Armored Regiment and plans campaign to raise funds.

C.O. of regiment, Lt.-Col. A. E. L. Morgan, and Major Tony Shepherd come to Sydney for meeting. No. 37 Pitt Street will be auxiliary's headquarters.

These two officers are responsible for move to form committee.

Tony, who is mess president and in charge of administration for regiment, has been doing a great deal of work for the men for some time now.

His aunt, Miss Rose Merivale, is elected president.

"We want the headquarters to be a place where every relative and friend of any member of the regiment can meet whenever they wish," she tells me.

VISITOR to artists' room in interval of symphony concert at Town Hall is Mrs. Hope Gibson . . . she meets pianist Isidor Goodman, and discusses his programme for musicale at Admiralty House on August 1, which she is organising.

"Two hundred invitations sent out," says Mrs. Gibson, "and we are expecting every seat to be sold."

It's all in a good cause . . . to raise funds for the Y.W.C.A. Special Appeal for women of the services.

CELEBRATION for two at Romano's, when Margaret McLeish and Lieut. Paul Lloyd announce engagement . . . Paul only has a few hours' leave, so they are unable to arrange family party.

Margaret cables news of engagement to her sister, Honor, who is V.A. at 12th A.G.H. abroad . . . "sent it three weeks ago, so I'm hoping she has it by now," says Margaret.

Cannot help but admire her ring, sapphire set in diamonds, when I meet her at Air Force House.

Margaret is regular worker there; starts at 6.45 a.m. three times a week, and helps with the breakfast.

ATTEND opening of Romano's buttry . . . but like lots of other guests cannot get near enough to have even a peep at it, as there is such a crowd.

Luncheon is served in buffet style . . . Mrs. Bill Crossing, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, and Mrs. Ernest Watt are almost run off their feet seeing that everyone manages to get a plateful of the toothsome dishes being served.

Among those present . . . George Folster, resident in new uniform of U.S. war correspondent; Mrs. Alec Coppel, who wears snood of rust-colored chiffon; Mrs. Keith Martin, whose snood is of beige fishnet; Mrs. Alexis Albert, also be-snooded. Here is of black sequins.

Proceeds for R.A.A.F. Central Area Comforts Fund.

LONG letter from England for Mrs. Allen Lewis from her daughter, Mrs. Eric Porter, wife of Wing-Commander Porter, R.A.F.

Nancy is now living at Little Higham, some miles out of London . . . "just close enough to be able to go up two days a week to work at Australia House," she writes.

Cottage is in Tudor style, and very rustic with stable doors which open right on to roadway. Managing quite well on the food ration, but how I do long for an orange or lemon. Just impossible to buy citrus fruits," she continues.

She often sees her brother, Lieut. Tony Lewis, R.A.N.V.R., who visits her whenever he has leave.

Tony has just been given command of an E-boat.



ORGANISER MRS. BILL LOWE arranges theatre party for "Watch on Rhine" at Minerva on July 23. Proceeds will go towards purchase of new canteen for City of Sydney N.E.S.

CALL in at Romano's to offer congratulations to Lieut. Ron Plater, who just graduates at Duntroon Military College.

He is celebrating graduation with his brother, Lieut. Geoff Plater, and his wife, Patricia. Harvey Sutton, Mrs. Nan Woodhill and Eric Osmond.

Nan is now spending brief holiday with in-laws, the S. Woodhills, at Richmond.

Betty

R.A.A.F. in New York feel like movie stars



NEW YORK DINNER PARTY for R.A.A.F. boys on leave from training in Canada. The British-American Ambulance Corps were hosts. In this party are Pilot-Officers John Moore, Ken MacDougall, Ron Buxton, Peter McLeod, Arthur Riding, Phil Bradley,

Doug Ellis, Rob Burling, Brian Poulson, Claude Blick, Ken Plowman, Keith Emmett, and Sergeant-Pilots Don Wilson, Ken Giles, Roy Graham, Vince Finn, Harry Hansen, Norm Long, Jock Norton, Clive Collins, Jeff Courtney, Jim Bell, Jack Cox, Clive Salmond.



THESE AUSTRALIAN, English and New Zealand airmen are making recordings of their voices to send home. In the centre is Nola Luxford, New Zealand writer and actress, who arranges shortwave message broadcasts. Beside her (right) is Squadron-Leader Tom Power.



AUSTRALIAN FLIERS in New York with Wally Southard, who works twenty-four hours a day looking after visiting airmen on behalf of the British-American Ambulance Corps. (Pictures by air mail from New York.)



BOYS' FIRST GLIMPSE of a Messerschmitt. This one was brought down in England, sent to U.S. for exhibition to raise patriotic funds.

STEVENS raised on his elbows and became conversational. "How do you like the army—what you've seen of it?"

"It's kind of odd," Ulysses Tecumseh said. "A body gets all mixed up."

"Think they're kidding you, eh?" "It don't seem like the United States would be kidding anybody," said Ulysses.

"You talk like the United States was a person," said Stevens.

"I guess when I think about it that's the way I think about it," said Ulysses.

"You can, eh? What kind of person do you see?"

"Well, like in pictures. You know. A tall, stringy fellow with his pants strapped under his insteps and a plug hat and a coat with tails. And he's sort of a kind fellow, but he's handy with things and he would be making jokes while he works."

Ulysses Tecumseh became engrossed in his description: "You would think he was a kind of humorous fellow, but all the same he'd be able to run a store or drive a bargain. He wouldn't be sudden, but he'd be keeping up a thinking. Maybe you'd get the idea he was lazy and was just letting things slide. But he's the kind of man would fool you."

"You might get lulled into thinking you were fooling him, what I mean, but all of a sudden you would wake up and find he got the best of the deal. He'd kind of hate to take the trouble to move around on a hot day, but if somebody broke into his store and stole he would get mad and chase him until he caught him."

"If you was to speak mean to him he would likely answer back with something funny, but if you pushed him around you would wish you hadn't. You would like to go fishing with him."

Stevens made no comment but continued to eye Ulysses Tecumseh with interest. "You're getting twenty-one dollars a month," he said. "What do you think about people striking for almost that much a day?"

"I hadn't given that very much thought," said Ulysses Tecumseh. "Don't it make you mad?"

"Why, no. I know a lot of men that belong to unions. You talk to them, and they got ideas like anybody and they got troubles like anybody. They strike and they make a lot of noise and get to be a nuisance, but, judging from what I've seen, when it comes to a pinch they'll buckle down and belong to the United States first and the unions second. That's what I think."

"Like in a lodge, there's always men that talk loud and important, and run things high-handed. And there's times when these high-handed men get the lodge into projects that aren't any good. But if somebody's house catches on fire the lodge members forget they're Elks or Masons or whatever and go running to put out the blaze."

Ulysses Tecumseh knew what he was aiming at, but he did not know that he was attempting to solve a problem that had baffled the most efficient engineers and the greatest scientists of the world. He had not the slightest conception of the magnitude of his effort.

All he wanted to do was to fix up a dingus that would take the picture of a moving automobile when

no one was present to click the shutter of the camera.

He was interrupted late in the afternoon by Harve Stone. "Time to eat," said Harve.

"Noon already?" asked Ulysses Tecumseh.

"It was noon six hours ago," Harve said, and then turned to display his arm. "Give a look." There on Harve's sleeve were the chevrons of a corporal. "Acting corporal," Harve said.

"Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed Ulysses Tecumseh, deeply impressed. "Now, that's nice. I'm tickled to death."

"What you up to?" Harve asked.

"Well, the general sort of threw me out, and I didn't know what to do because there was nobody around, so I been working on my speeder detector."

"How's it coming?"

"Oh, good. Very good."

"I'm a kind of naturalist," Harve said mendaciously. "I would like to take pictures of birds. Anybody can take a picture of a bird sitting down to lunch. But it would be pretty to have pictures of birds flying. Do you think your invention could do that?"

"Why," said Ulysses Tecumseh, "that would depend on the bird."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 15. — Mr. Edwards and Goolie Reave —

THURSDAY, July 16. — Goolie Reave presents "Precious Moments."

FRIDAY, July 17. — The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goolie Reave in Gems of Mindy and Thought.

SATURDAY, July 18. — Goolie Reave presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, July 19. — Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, July 20. — Letters from Our Boys.

TUESDAY, July 21. — "Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

WEDNESDAY, July 22. — "Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

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THURSDAY, August 6. — "Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, August 7. — "Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

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Camp Lincoln to spend the week-ends with their families.

Special trains were provided, and on Saturdays and Sundays the reservation area was not the scene of activity that it was on the other five days. This suited Ulysses Tecumseh Clap, because he did not have to report for duty at General Shelton's quarters before Monday, thus establishing a cooling-off period for the general and putting off the evil day of accounting.

Harve Stone had gone home. He had invited Ulysses Tecumseh to go with him, but the invention had got to a stage where it could not be left to its own devices.

It was, perhaps, ten o'clock on Saturday morning when Ulysses Tecumseh felt a tug at the trouser leg of his dungarees and, looking down, saw the small, pert face of the general's son.

"You said you was going to fix my electric train so it would run, and when you say so that is a promise, and when you make a promise to a boy you got to keep it or it's bad for his morale," Buster said all in one breath. "So we came to get you and you got to come right off because if my train isn't fixed I can't play with it."

"Who," asked Ulysses Tecumseh, "are we?"

"Nancy and me," said Buster. "And you'd better snap into it," said Nancy's voice from the door, "because we're going to pester you until you do."

"Doesn't this child keep you busy without annoying me?" asked Ulysses Tecumseh.

"No," said Nancy categorically. "Daddy flew to Washington in an airplane," said Buster.

"Which," said Nancy, "constitutes a reprieve. You'll need some tools."

Ulysses Tecumseh sighed. Probably there was something in army regulations that would make it in-subordination if he refused to fix a toy train for the son of a general. He stuffed a few tools into his pockets and went reluctantly out of the door. They drove by the rifle range, with its rows of targets, and turned to the left into a wooded area.

Presently Nancy turned in a dirt road and stopped the car before a cozy white cottage nestled among the trees. She led him inside and back to Buster's room.

"There," said Nancy, "is the ailing train."

"See it," said Ulysses Tecumseh. Then, with meaning, "I work much better when I am not being watched."

"You are very simple-minded," she said.

"I am," he said, "quite contented with my mental equipment."

"The trouble with you," she told him, "is that you are too contented with everything. But if you thought I dragged you here just to thinker with a busted toy it indicates a very low order of intelligence."

"Possibly," he said, "you know what you are talking about."

"I do," she said. "You wouldn't know—would you?—that there is something sort of pathetically attractive about you."

"I am neither pathetic nor attractive."

"You are both, and a number of other things. I feel an urge to renovate you."

"I do not wish to be renovated."

"You are a thinker," she said accusingly. "A generation ago you'd have been travelling around the country mending pots and pans and sleeping under hedges."

He was on his knees examining the engine of Buster's train. Not knowing what retort to make, he pretended he had not heard.

"Mr. Beanpole," she said distinctly, "you cannot ignore me."

"I am making every effort to do so," he said. And then, "Why don't you go away and leave me alone?"

"I don't know. There's something mysterious about it. But you intrigue me. I'm just the same way when I see a sock with a hole in it. I can't rest until I've darned it. It would have been just as easy and a lot more sensible for me to pick a major whose father owned a bank," she said ruefully. "But no! It had to be you. And so long as it is you I've got to make the best of you."

"Maybe I'm prejudiced, and maybe I'm just fatuously hopeful, but I seem to discern possibilities in you. So does Harve Stone. He's told me things about you. Do you know, the first time I saw you in that funny little town something went click!"

Continued from page 5

"Not where I could hear it," he said.

"That doesn't mean a thing," she said airily. "It was just a reaction. Subconsciously you clicked, and it frightened you. It will wear off. Do you realise that you are in a jam?"

"I do."

"When the general comes back," she said, and left it hanging there. She paused a moment, looking down upon his untidy hair. She felt an impulse to run her fingers through it, but refrained. There would be plenty of time to run her fingers through his hair when she had gentled him.

"The trouble with you," she said, "is contentment. You would just as soon spend the rest of your life mending eaves troughs."

"Why not?" he asked. "I have found life very pleasant."

"But a girl like me can't be contented with eaves troughs," she complained.

"I suppose," he said acidly, "you want money and your picture on the society pages and a man that gets into a dress suit every time the clock strikes seven."

"I want enough money," she said. "I'd like quite a lot of money, not just to have the money, but because getting quite a lot of money proves you amount to something."

"Well, I do not want a lot of money. I do not want to be famous. I like the way I am. I am satisfied."

"You ought," she said, "to be ashamed."

"I am not ashamed," he said. "I am a good citizen. I am happy. If I make a lot of money, like Mr. Holmes back home, I would always be talking about income taxes. Income taxes make him very unhappy. I would always be worrying about losing my money, the way he does, and fussing about inflation and buying a farm because I would be afraid stocks and bonds will be no good. If you are rich the first thing you do is be afraid of being poor."

"I have always been poor," she said. "I don't like it."

"And when you are rich or famous you can't play parchesi in the back room of your shop. You have to play contract bridge in the parlor, and I do not like contract bridge. And you do not belong to yourself any more, you belong to your money. You have to work for it every day."

"Well, take me, I do not have to work every day if I do not want to. I can go fishing. I'm the only tin-smith in town, and if I go fishing the customers just have to wait till to-morrow."

"That is just shiftlessness," she said.

"And I do not owe anything. Every rich man I know owes money. He has borrowed money from the bank so he can get richer, and then he worries about paying it back. I have everything I want. If I got rich I would have to buy a lot of things I do not want, just to prove I could afford it. And the things I bought would be a nuisance."

"The trouble with this country isn't that folks haven't enough money. The trouble is they have too much and it spoils their lives."

"But you have a very good mind, and it is an inventive mind, and you are letting it go to waste." She frowned at him. "You go around inventing things that aren't any good. It would be just as easy to invent something that would be useful."

"So I would get rich," he said tartly. "It is fun inventing things, like it is fun to do puzzles. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to invent something, but I earn my living being a tin-smith. If I invented something everybody wanted to buy, then I would have to have a factory and hire lots of men, who would go out on strike, and I would have to worry about costs and raw materials and freight rates, and there would be nothing but trouble."

"I wouldn't gain anything, but I would lose a great deal. Now, please, leave me alone. I like being the way I am."

"You are in this army for at least a year," she said. "A girl with gumption can do a lot with a man in twelve months. What are you going to do when the general comes home Monday?"

"I have decided not to write a letter. I shall simply tell him what happened."

"Do you get the idea that you have committed the most horrible military crime a man can be guilty of?"

Please turn to page 20

Animal Antics



"Just think, Waldemar, to-day's our fifth golden wedding anniversary."

Woman Overlander and War-worker

Several amazing adventures have been revealed in the 2GB Friday night feature, "Who's Your Neighbor?"

The interviews are with ordinary, everyday people and so far have indicated that background or vocation is rarely an indication of the adventures, romances, or humorous experiences the individual has gone through.

ONE of the most interesting stories the session has unearthed is that of Mrs. Gladys Sandford, whose present occupation is full-time war work. She is, in fact, the president of the N.E.S. Women Ambulance Drivers.

Mrs. Sandford volunteered for overseas war work in 1914, but as the New Zealand Government refused to accept untrained women for overseas service she paid her own fare to Egypt and went straight to a hospital at Suez as housekeeper and ambulance driver. Later she transferred to the British Red Cross Hospital in Cairo.

After that she journeyed to England, her ship being chased by submarines four times. In England she joined the New Zealand Army Service Corps as ambulance driver. After the armistice she was given a soldier's discharge and made a member of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association. She was the only woman, outside nurses and sisters, awarded this honor.

On one occasion she was sent in an ambulance, on her own, to Shadwell, in London, where she had to pick up a sick Tommy. While trying to get out of this district she lost her way, and made inquiries of a constable, who said: "You have been down to Shadwell, have you, Miss . . . on your own—why, we only go there three at a time."

That did not conclude her life of adventure. In 1919 she was the first motor-car saleswoman in the Southern Hemisphere. In 1925, at a sales conference, someone dared her to repeat Birtles' overland trip from Adelaide to Darwin.

Hence it was that in 1927 she brought her own car from New Zealand and drove from Sydney to Adelaide, thence to Perth, back to Adelaide, up to Darwin, and from Darwin back to Adelaide, and thence back to Sydney. Her only companion was a girl who could not drive. As far as she knows, this trip had never previously been accomplished by womenfolk on their own.

Not satisfied with being the first car saleswoman, Mrs. Sandford, in 1935, got her air pilot's licence in New Zealand. It was numbered 18, and she believes she was the first woman pilot in either Australia or New Zealand.

The session "Who's Your Neighbor?" is broadcast from 2GB at 7.45 every Friday night.

As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Dodge changes, difficulties and delays, especially on July 14, 19, 20, and 21. July 20 (morning) and July 21 (

U.S. troops get our books

Camp excited over fresh deliveries

Five minutes after a consignment of books reached on American camp the other day every man off duty was reading.

The books were part of a collection which The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Daily and Sunday Telegraph is making in all States.

THEY were delivered in a U.S. Army truck early in the morning.

As the truck drove in six men were hanging out their washing in the sun and idly talking.

Mr. J. B. Bacon, of the American Red Cross, who was with Chaplain Perry and a representative of the Daily Telegraph, said:

"Any of you boys care for a good book?"

The washing was uncereimoniously dumped on the ground.

"Attaboy," said First-Class Private Arabia, "did you say a book?"

"All I've read in the past month has been 'What To Do In An Air Raid,' and I can do that in my sleep."

Chaplain Perry suggested that one case might be opened at once.

Wire-cutters snapped the steel fastenings of the case and in a few minutes the men were seated on the grass, each with a book.

Mr. Bacon explained that the books had been given by readers of The Australian Women's Weekly and the Daily and Sunday Telegraph.

"It's sure good of 'em to think of us," said First-Class Private Freudenheim, who had selected Steele Rudd's "On Our Selection." "Now, sir, this is a book that a guy can laff at—yes, sirc."

"Rube" story

"FER land's sake, look at that horse. Seems so poor it don't appear to have no hind-quarters."

"Yes, sir, a rube story will do me." "The men's obvious delight will, I am sure, be sufficient thanks to those who have made this wonderful gesture of friendship," said Chaplain Perry.

Our appeal aims to get 50,000 books to provide American troops with camp libraries similar to those in all Australian camps.

Many camps in remote places are still without reading matter and still more books are wanted.

Good, clean copies of modern novels, text books on scientific and engineering subjects and travel and biography are most in demand.

Will you send one book and relieve the tedium of off hours of these boys who are helping our boys to do a grand job?

Books may be left at the following depots:—

The Australian Women's Weekly office (front counter), Fulford Chambers, 176 Castlereagh Street; Daily Telegraph Voluntary War Work Bureau, Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street, City; the Public Library, Macquarie Street; the Sydney Municipal Library, Queen Victoria Building; the Fisher Library, Sydney University; the Teachers' College Library, Sydney; the Forces' Reading Room, Hunter Street; Lord Mayor's Comforts Fund, Prudential Building, Martin Place, and Town Hall; Grace Building, York Street, City; Minerva Theatre, King's Cross; and 164 William Street, City.

Country readers may rail their books freight free by writing to Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, for a special label.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, aided by **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has smashed the Octopus Ring, but there is reason to believe that **THE OCTOPUS:** Head of the gang, is alive. Two attempts are made on Mandrake's life, and having concluded that the chief of the spy ring will strike at him through

PRINCESS NARDA: Of Cocksaigne, he rushes back to her flat just in time to save her from a mysterious visitor. As a blind beggar has been associated with each attempt on his life and also with the visit to the flat, Mandrake concludes he is **The Octopus**, and sets out to capture him. **NOW READ ON:**



BUT HOW CAN WE EVER FIND HIM?

HE'S MASQUERADING AS A BLIND-MAN. THAT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.

LOTHAR, YOU'VE GOT EARS LIKE A WATCHDOG. LISTEN-- TRY TO HEAR THE TAPPING OF HIS CANE ON THE SIDEWALK.

ME HEAR! SOFT TAP TAP-TAP FAR AWAY--!



ME HEAR SOFT TAP-TAP--

HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY--WE'LL TRY THIS DIRECTION--IF ONLY HE KEEPS ON USING THAT CANE--PRETENDING HE'S A BLIND-MAN---

THEY RUN ALONG THE SIDEWALK--THEN PAUSE, AS LOTHAR TAKES ANOTHER "SOUNDING"---

STRONGER TAP-TAP NOW--US CLOSER--



TAP-TAP-TAP--CLOSER AND CLOSER--IS MANDRAKE RIGHT? IS THE BLIND-MAN REALLY THE OCTOPUS?

I'LL BE BACK RIGHT AWAY, LOTHAR.

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU, NARDA. I'M TAKING YOU WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO MISS EVERYTHING! I WANT TO STAY HERE!

MANDRAKE, STOP DRAGGING ME ALONG AS IF I WERE A BABY. WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

TO THE POLICE STATION.



TO THE POLICE STATION--? BUT I DON'T WANT TO STAY--

YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE.

IF THAT BLIND-MAN REALLY IS THE OCTOPUS, I WANT TO SEE YOU CATCH HIM---

THAT'S JUST WHAT I DON'T WANT YOU TO DO. IT MAY BE DANGEROUS-- NOW I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE--

I WON'T STAY IN THE POLICE STATION. AS SOON AS YOU LEAVE, I'LL FOLLOW YOU--

BUT, NARDA--



TO BE CONTINUED

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ REMEMBER THE DAY

(Week's Best Release)

Claudette Colbert, John Payne, (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

SOMEWHAT reminiscent of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" and "Cheers for Miss Bishop" both in plot and interest, this is a warmly human and intimate drama that will appeal especially to women.

It is the story of a woman school-teacher (Claudette Colbert) in a mid-Western town, and of her brief romance which upsets the puppy love of her small pupil (Douglas Croft).

The story, told in flashback with prologue and an epilogue, opens when a middle-aged Claudette comes to an hotel to meet her former pupil, now a great man, who is being feted at a presidential campaign meeting.

Colbert in her best role for some time is charming, while Douglas Croft portrays the typical American boy most effectively. John Payne, as the man who loves Claudette, and John Shepperd, as the pupil grown up, are both good.—Century; showing.

★ STRANGE CASE OF DR. RX

Patric Knowles, Anne Gwynne, (Universal.)

THIS is a wearisome and unlikely melodrama about an unknown killer who has strangled six men previously acquitted in court.

Concerned in all the mystery are the victims' lawyer, Samuel Hinds, Lionel Atwill, a doctor, and Patric Knowles, the young detective who tracks down the culprit. Anne Gwynne plays his fiancée, who hampers his sleuthing.

The players do as well as they can, considering the plot and equally stodgy dialogue. A colored butler, Manton Moreland, is slightly amusing.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ BLACK DRAGONS

Bela Lugosi, Joan Barclay, (Monogram.)

JAPANESE are the villains in this horror-thriller.

The film, which features peering eyes and shinking figures of mystery, six deaths and one case of a man turned into a monster, has

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

little to commend it. The plot deals with the efforts of Bela Lugosi to track down six men who are plotting against the American war effort.

The acting matches the story, but Joan Barclay, the only woman in the cast, makes an attractive heroine.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **How Green Was My Valley.** Walter Pidgeon, Roddy McDowall in superb dramatisation of book.—Embassy; 15th week.

★★★ **Louisiana Purchase.** Bob Hope and Zorina in sparkling technicolor musical.—Prince Edward; 6th week.

★★ **Corsican Brothers.** Douglas Fairbanks in Dumas' swashbuckling adventure.—Mayfair; 8th week.

★★ **The Men in Her Life.** Loretta Young and Conrad Veidt in romantic story of ballerina.—Lyceum; 6th week.

★★ **Woman of the Year.** Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in refreshing romantic comedy.—Liberty; 5th week.

★★ **Son of Fury.** Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney in dramatic period adventure.—Plaza; 5th week.

★★ **Moon Over Miami.** Don Ameche and Betty Grable in gay color musical.—Regent; 5th week.

★★ **Appointment for Love.** Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullivan in gay comedy.—State; 5th week.

★★ **Shadow of the Thin Man.** William Powell and Myrna Loy in diverting comedy thriller.—St. James; 3rd week.

★★ **Design for Scandal.** Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon in frivolous comedy.—Victory; 3rd week.

Cable news from the studios

By VIOLA MACDONALD in HOLLYWOOD

DEANNA DURBIN personally told me yesterday that the rumor she was divorcing Vaughn Paul is utterly unfounded. "We are deeply in love!" exclaimed Deanna to me. "And even if this were not so—I would never dream of divorcing a man who is serving his country."

Deanna believes that the rumor started when she visited the Mocambo night-club with a friend of Vaughn's who is himself on service with the U.S. Navy. Some over-alert reporter seized this excuse for declaring there was a marital rift in the Paul household.

The statement first appeared in a Mexican paper, which Deanna saw. Promptly, and very hotly, she issued a denial.

The Rooneys are not getting a divorce either. Ava Rooney has returned from visiting her sick mother in North Carolina, and she and Mickey attended, together, a party honoring American and British war heroes. These fighters are touring America in aid of War Bonds. Incidentally, Mickey's next picture is "Kim"—but first he and Ava will take a short holiday.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Joan Leslie still goes to school—but as Joan is so busy for Warners' the school literally has to go to her. Set up in a portable dressing-room, with desk and teacher, Joan's "school" follows her on location wherever her work takes her.

Already, in her film "The Hard Way," the "school" has travelled from a golf course to a site beside a swimming-pool, and even to a mountain location.

IN a Disney musical film featuring South American types, you will see new comic characters. The most popular is likely to be a belligerent parrot named Jose Carioca, who conducts Donald Duck on a tourist trip.

JEAN PIERRE AMOINT, French star newly arrived in this country, will star in Metro's "Assignment in Brittany," the story of a British agent on the Continent. Amoint, a real-life soldier with the French Army, escaped to England after the fall of France.



THIS INFORMAL PICTURE shows Ronald Reagan talking to his wife, Jane Wyman, at Warner's studio party to farewell Reagan on his departure for U.S. Army Cavalry, where he is now serving as lieutenant.

STIRLING HAYDEN confirmed the news reported last week that he married Madeleine Carroll three months ago in New England. They are both now in Nassau (the Bahamas) where Hayden, who is in the Canadian Convoy Service, is waiting on ship repairs. Madeleine flew to Nassau from New York, joining him for a second honeymoon.

When Hayden leaves, Madeleine is joining the Duchess of Windsor, who is a close friend, in war activities in Nassau.

LESLIE HOWARD is reported to be returning to the United States and Canada for a War Relief tour.

ALEXIS SMITH is thrilled with her latest gift—a hooked rug made by a British sailor between very active duties "somewhere in the Atlantic." I can only tell you the sailor's name—Ivar John Hancock.

MAJOR FRANK CAPRA, Hollywood's most famous ex-director, plans making a full-length U.S. Army Air Corps film, which will be comparable to Britain's "Target for To-Night." Capra plans to use film and stage actors who will give their services free.

ORSON WELLES and R.K.O. terminated their association while Welles was still in South America making "It's All True." He has moved his staff and office furnishings from the studio.

FORMER Western star Hoot Gibson announced that he will marry the girl bodler who is with his touring Wild West troupe. Her name is Dorothy Dunsand, and she will be the cowboy's fourth wife.

PARAMOUNT'S handsome new find, Macdonald Carey (you will see him in "Take a Letter, Darling," and "Dr. Broadway") has just played a marine in Paramount's Pacific drama, "Wake Island." The film finished production last week—and Mr. Carey promptly left to join the Marine Corps!

FORCED to undergo an operation, Maureen O'Hara left the cast of "Meanest Man in the World," the Jack Benny starrer. Priscilla Lane has replaced her.

IT is likely that James Cagney will play the heroic missionary, Dr. Wassel, in a film commemorating his exploit in guiding a group of wounded men safely through the jungles of war-torn Java, and thence to Australia.

"WHAT crime have I committed?"

"You," she said firmly, "have made a major-general look like a nincompoop in the presence of a committee of congressmen."

"But I can explain."

"Just try it once," she said.

Ulysses Tecumseh thought about making a frank explanation to General Shelton, and was forced to admit that he could not see how any definite benefit could be derived from it.

The whole matter was very unpleasant to think about. He did not like to think about unpleasant things, and his experience had taught him that if something was certain to happen that would be painful, the best plan was to quit worrying about it and let it happen.

His skilful hands resembled the parts of Buster's engine. Vaguely he was aware that Nancy was talking, but, having determined to pay no more attention to her, he shut his mind and gave all his attention to mechanics.

All of a sudden he sat back, with the engine in his hands. Nancy watched him with fury but with a queer interest. His face was eloquent. It was mobile and expressive. She saw a light spread over it, a light of surprise and of delight.

"I've got it," he said. "It just came to me. Look. If there's a noise coming, say, from here to here, and you have an ear that can pick up that noise, there's a way for the ear to communicate, like, for instance, your ears talk to your brain and your brain tells your eyes, and there it is."

"There what is?"

"Whatever is making the noise. Maybe a bird. Maybe a boy whistling. Maybe anything. You hear, and instantly you look in the right place and see. I had it all solved and didn't know it."

The Incredible Jeep

Continued from page 18

"So what?" she asked.

"So I must go back and put it together."

"You," she said, "just think you are going back. Where you are going is to a picnic lunch down by the lake. I promised Buster."

"I do not wish to go on a picnic," Daddy General said I could go on a picnic to-day," said Buster, "so it is an order and you got to go."

"Besides," said Nancy, "I am effective in the woods. It brings out the best in me."

"I am not interested," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"That," said Nancy, "is because you never have been exposed. I will be frank with you, Mr. Beanpole. I know that no man with your eyes is allergic to romance if he can be brought into contact with it. You are about to be."

"You say a great many words," Ulysses Tecumseh told her, "but they don't add up."

"You are a simple and unsophisticated person," said Nancy. "You believe that a man picks out a girl and launches into a courtship. That isn't how it happens, mostly. A girl picks her out a man and then makes him notice her, and the rest is easy. . . . The picnic basket is packed. You will carry it."

Before he could protest he found a hamper in his hand. Buster clung to the other hand, and the three of them were walking down a path toward the lake. They skirted the shore for a hundred yards until they came to a glade which turned out to be their destination.

Nancy busied herself with the basket. She spread a tablecloth on the grass and set out food and dishes. Buster went down to throw pebbles in the lake. Ulysses Tecumseh watched Nancy as she made things ready, and her movements

had a curious effect upon him. He did not like her. She was not the sort of girl he wanted to have anything to do with, but mechanically she was pleasing.

She was deft. Her movements were efficient, like those of some fine piece of machinery. He found it was rather exciting to watch her, queerly exciting.

She caught his eye and nodded. "I told you I was effective in the woods," she said.

"You," he said honestly, "are pleasant to watch."

"It goes much further than that," she said, "as you will presently discover." She lifted her head and listened. "That's odd," she said.

"What is odd?" Ulysses Tecumseh demanded.

"Sounds like a motor on the lake. I didn't know there was a motorboat."

Ulysses Tecumseh's ears recognized the sound. "It's an outboard," he said, and walked to the edge of the water.

Half a mile out was a rowboat occupied by three men and propelled by an outboard motor. The motor stopped, and one man could be seen to get out a pair of oars and bend his back to them. Somehow, this conduct interested Ulysses Tecumseh. Why should those men stop their motor and row?

"It could be," said Nancy softly, "on account of the sound."

This surprised him. She had read his thoughts and answered an unspoken question.

"They are heading directly toward us."

But the men were not heading directly toward the picnic glade. Rather, their prow pointed to a spot a hundred yards to the east. Ulysses Tecumseh craned his neck and saw the grey boards of an ancient, abandoned building.

"Old icehouse," said Nancy.

They watched the boat approach the shore. It was lost to sight in a cove.

"I'm going to see," said Ulysses Tecumseh.

"Carefully," warned Nancy. "I'll keep Buster quiet."

Ulysses Tecumseh wormed his way through the undergrowth until he reached a point from which he could peer at the cove and at the old icehouse. The three men were in the act of dragging the boat up on the shore. There seemed to be a considerable cargo. There were several sizable bales and four or five metal containers. These were unloaded and carried into the icehouse.

The manoeuvre consumed fifteen minutes. When it was completed the three men got into the boat again and rowed away.

Ulysses Tecumseh crouched, watching them. Then he became aware that Nancy and Buster were at his side.

"No hurry," she said. "Wait till they are out of sight. Then we can get noisy."

They stood waiting, which was fortunate, because they heard the sound of movement in the bushes across the clearing, and a man's figure came into view. It was a uniformed figure. It stood peering out upon the lake briefly and then walked directly to the door of the icehouse and disappeared inside.

"Well!" exclaimed Nancy.

"That," whispered Ulysses Tecumseh, "is a man we call Broken-nose."

"I know. The one who picks on you."

"Yes."

"Hush!"

Broken-nose slunk out of the icehouse and departed with the stealth of a redskin.

"It ought to be safe now," Nancy said after a time, and they emerged from cover and walked across the clearing to the door of the ramshackle structure.

It was gloomy inside, but the bales and containers were visible. Ulysses Tecumseh opened his jack-knife and broke into one of the bales. It was full of printed pamphlets.

"Fifth Columnist stuff," he said.

She nodded, but her eyes were upon the metal containers and her brows were frowning. "Wouldn't that other stuff be gasoline?" she asked.

Ulysses Tecumseh sniffed. "It would," he said. "Gasoline!"

"But what for?" she asked.

"I guess we better report this quick."

"Just reporting it," said Nancy, "won't get you out of the jam you're in. It won't catch anybody."

"But we saw Broken-nose."

"Saw him do what? Saw him take a look, just as we did. Not good enough." She made a quaint little face. "I'd better think this out. Which is no reason a good lunch should go to waste. I made the cake myself."

Ulysses Tecumseh found the lunch appetizing and the cake superlatively good. Somehow Nancy, in that setting, seemed less objectionable than before. They gathered up the dishes and replaced them in the basket. Ulysses Tecumseh carried it back to the white cottage.

"Now go away," Nancy said, "while I think. Go and invent. You are too nice and simple-minded to handle this business. It takes a devilish brain. Like mine. Go away. Do nothing, and keep your darling trap shut. Am I clear?"

"Both clear and impertinent," he said. "Am I to walk back to barracks?"

"The exercise," she said, "will do you good."

To be continued

Day and night in wartime Hollywood



● Bette Davis goes out driving with husband Arthur Farnsworth, now flying instructor in the U.S. Army.



● Prompted by ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, dummy Charlie McCarthy tries a new joke on an N.B.C. official before a broadcast.



● Brian Aherne makes a helpful suggestion to wife Joan Fontaine on a war-show script.



● Playboy Reggie Gardiner buys cigarettes for a glamorous Austrian refugee visitor to Hollywood. Reggie was once the favorite escort of exotic Hedy Lamarr.



● The popular Pat O'Briens at a party to celebrate their eleventh wedding anniversary.



● Bewitching Simone Simon rhumbas in black lace with a Hollywood friend. After eighteen months' English study Simone is losing that French accent.



● Newly-wed Rudy Vallee receives congratulations from a beautiful friend. He is married to student Mary McBride.



● On Army leave, William Holden dines a deus with young wife Brenda Marshall. She is living with another Army wife, Ann Sheridan (Mrs. George Brent).



● U.S. Marine Louis Hayward spends a day of his leave at a baseball match with wife Ida Lupino. Ida's new film, "Hard Way," will soon be finished and then she moves into a flat for the duration.

Happy Baby!

To keep Baby happy and contented and to ensure healthful sleep, use Cuticura Talcum every day. It prevents chafing and irritation and imparts a delightful refreshing fragrance to the skin.



Cuticura
TALCUM
FOR BABY

GINGER GETS A CHANGE



1 BORED Chicago crime reporter Homer (George Montgomery) recalls for bartender (William Frawley) the colorful case of Roxie Hart, which excited city.



2 IN 1927, when man was found murdered in flat belonging to Harts, youthful Homer assists newspaperman Callahan (Overman), who grabs fleeing couple.



3 ROXIE HART (Ginger) is told by theatre agent (Nigel Bruce) to plead guilty for publicity's sake.



4 LIMELIGHT - LOVING lawyer Flynn (Menjou) takes case and coaches guiltless but greedy Roxie.



5 LOVE DAWNS for Homer and Roxie, who, to win public sympathy, has been divorced from Hart.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. . . .



This distinguished member of America's First Family has for years followed the Pond's ritual. She says: "Since my boarding school days, I have used Pond's at least twice daily". Pond's Cold Cream cleanses deep down into the pores, while Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect powder base. Powder clings for hours longer.



7 ACQUITTED, of course, Roxie leaves with Homer—then film flashes back to present, to tell what's become of her.

6 CLIMAX of Roxie's trial is reached when she faints effectively before jury box for benefit of photographers.

Farce comes from stage play

FOX'S "Roxie Hart," which laughs at the lurid days of the 1920's, is based upon "Chicago," a former Broadway hit.

Ginger Rogers herself demanded to play Roxie Hart, the little gum-chewing dancer to whom limelight meant more than a murder-charge. "I want a change from white-collar girl roles," Ginger told the studio.

George Montgomery, Lynne Overman, William Frawley (first as jurymen, then as bartender), and Adolphe Menjou support Ginger.

LANE TURNER

M.G.M.'s NEW AND BRILLIANT STAR knows that a correct make-up is of very vital importance. It is an aid to morale, it adds poise and self-assurance. There is a Color Harmony ensemble of Max Factor's Hollywood Face Powder, Rouge and Super-Indelible Lipstick that will be just perfect for your type. Try it... see if it doesn't make you look more beautiful and alluring than ever.



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Search your home for the smallest scrap—
Give your rubber to rub out the Jap!



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- Give it for reprocessing to supply War demands.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES BY...
RT. 42-7
KAYSER

Red Shadow again



• An opera star with youth, beauty, and acting talent as well. Irene Manning, who was Hope Irene Manning of the American Light Opera Company and radio, is Margot in new picture.



• 1942's Red Shadow is Dennis Morgan, who has been waiting for over two years to play this role for Warners. In 1930 the studio filmed the operetta with John Boles and Carlotta Young. A later condensed version featured two stage singers.



DENNIS MORGAN TELLS HOW PLOT WAS STREAMLINED

By VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

FOR Warners' remake of "The Desert Song" the famous character of the Red Shadow has been "streamlined and modernised."

I quote the new Red Shadow himself, Dennis Morgan, whom I interviewed yesterday.

The new Margot, who is blonde opera star Irene Manning, was making a recording of a solo when I arrived. So Dennis was free to talk about the picture.

"We admit the 'Desert Song' story is still highly colored," he said. "But we think the new version is more exciting and more reasonable."

"This time, the period is 1939, just before the war. The Red Shadow is a veteran of the Spanish war, and makes forays on a German-owned railroad running from Casablanca to Dakar, rescuing Arab slave-labor in his raids. Margot is now a nightclub singer.

Logical singing

"IN the old version, hero and heroine burst out into song on the slightest provocation without rhyme or reason," added Dennis, with his crooked boyish smile. "Today's story is more logical."

"For instance, Irene and I, strolling round an oasis, hear Arabs chanting 'Blue Heaven.' She asks me to translate the song, as she thinks it a good number for entertaining audiences. This gives us an opportunity of singing without looking ridiculous."

The voice of director Robert Florey interrupted our conversation. "Here is Irene Manning," he said, "and she is so sorry she can say only hello and good-bye."

I expected to meet the conventional opera star. Instead, I shook hands with a breath-taking blonde girl. Irene's figure is as good as Grable's.

Director Florey grinned at my tell-tale face. "There's a winner for you," he said. "She has youth, beauty—and acting ability as well. What film do you think she has just finished? A tough thriller, 'The Big Shot,' with Humphrey Bogart, in which she is his leading lady, and doesn't sing a note!"

"See what I mean?" Dennis Morgan capped Florey's talk. "Modernised" is the right word!"

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



"Corinthian" Style by Max Sawerman, Sydney



HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO THRILLING WAVES AND CURLS!

Hollywood stars were quick to seize on the amazing damp-setting technique. Now, with VELMOT, you can damp-set your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like! Takes but four minutes to do . . . in these THREE EASY STEPS: 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOT through the hair. 3. Then arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you wish.

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm waves, lustrous, natural-looking, silky-soft, never "stiff" or oily.

VELMOT works on any hair—holds a finger-wave for days; keeps any style "salon-fresh" between visits. Ask for VELMOT—at chemist, store or hair-dresser. A bottle lasts months.



to fit your feet for Victory!

To the munition worker, the canteen worker, the air-craft worker . . . nothing is more important than the care of the feet. Nielsen Slippers, the best you can get, are specially made from pure wool felt, to provide rest and relaxation for aching insteps, and restore lost energy for the tasks ahead.

A GENUINE FELT NIELSEN SLIPPER
(coupon value: 3 coupons only)

The Felt in Nielsen Slippers is a product of Felt and Textiles of Australia, Limited.

IT'S GREAT STUFF for COUGHS and COLDS
WOODS' Great PEPPERMINT CURE

How to grow BEGONIAS

• More colorful than any orchid, more delicate than any gardenia, the tuberous-rooted begonia stands out as one of the frailest of all known flowers.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

AND yet, in the warmest portions of the Commonwealth, when grown by skilful gardeners they will flower to perfection in a well-protected position outdoors.

For the most part, however, they are regarded as tender, half-hardy, glass-house plants, where they are grown, not so much to give them heat as to enable them to withstand the vicissitudes of our climate.

Carefully grown and tended, this lovely plant can be produced in many wonderful forms and gorgeous shapes that never fail to secure the admiration of all flower lovers.

In recent years plant breeders and hybridists have produced huge blooms that suggest that a master-sculptor has chiselled them carefully from colored wax. Given rich soil and careful treatment, however, the tuberous-rooted begonia is not a specialist's plant, but can be grown by any good gardener.

Generally speaking, the tuberous-rooted begonia, a name given to distinguish it from the fibrous-rooted and rex begonia classes, does better under glass than out of doors. It is perennial in character, easily grown, and very free and continuous in bloom.

At this time of the year the seed can be sown in the warmer parts of N.S.W., W.A., and Queensland tablelands, Victorians, Tasmanians, and South Australians are advised to wait until August before sowing seed.

Tubers can be set out in late August or September, but can be held back until October if desired. Winter planting of the tubers or corms is inadvisable because of the length of time needed to care for the delicate foliage, which is subject to many serious fungus diseases.

Begonias of this class can, however, be raised successfully from seed sown in pans or pots on a warm shelf near the glass. The tops of the receptacles should be covered over with glass to induce more rapid germination.

The pans or pots should be shaded from the sun when necessary after germination has started. If bottom heat can be given so much the better, for then the results are rapid and failure very rare.

• This natural color picture showing lovely tuberous-rooted begonias among other exotic gems was taken by our photographer at Tomkins' Enfield Nursery. They are worth cultivating. Despite their fragility they can be easily grown by the amateur gardener.

The seed should be sown as thinly as possible in well-washed, well-drained pans, using a mixture of leafmould and sand, carefully sifted to remove all lumps or small stones.

This gives what is absolutely necessary, a light, free soil, which should also be moist but not sticky or sodden. The surface should be flat and smooth, and the seeds sprinkled as thinly as possible on the surface, and then covered with a very light sprinkling of silver sand.

After sanding, press downwards

with a piece of light, thin board to force the seeds to make contact with the seed-bed. The pots or pans should then be placed in the glass-house next to the glass, or in the hot-house where they will receive bottom heat.

Watering from time to time, to assure that the seedlings will not become dry, should be done with the greatest care. This is best done by placing the pot or pan in a flat tub containing a few inches of water. Do not let this flow over the top, but permit it to percolate through the pothole and drainage.

As soon as the seedlings are big enough to handle, lift each one and transplant to individual pots, being careful not to break the brittle foliage from the tiny tuber that forms following germination. The point of a wide-bladed penknife is the best implement to use for this job. Make the soil in the individual thimbles or small pots richer than the seed-bed by adding very old cow manure to the soil and some crushed charcoal.

They should be potted on several times until the tubers are a fair size and the plants reach a stage when

transplanting is unnecessary. Good drainage in all pots is necessary and should constitute at least one-third of the potting space.

If planting mature tubers or corms, make sure that they are set the right side up in the compost in the pots. Sometimes it is difficult to ascertain which is the growing end. This can be ascertained by placing the tubers in wet sphagnum moss for a few days in boxes or pots in the glass-house. Once moistened and warmed up, the growing end will produce short sprouts.



Sunshine, fresh air . . . big aids to beauty

• Hugging the indoors during winter takes toll of looks and figure . . . Get out into the open—walk, hike, ride or play whenever you can!

By MARY ROSE

Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

HAS it struck you of late that the girls in the services look more radiantly healthy than the business girls of the community?

In the good old days the majority of indoor workers spent the greater part of the week-end out of doors. Now they walk less, play less, with the inevitable result. They lack that fresh, vital, radiant look. The skin of many girls and women looks heavy and sluggish and many complain that upper arms are thickening, chins are doubling, and spare-tyres are developing at the waist-line.

Fewer tennis courts are in use around private homes, I notice. A pity. I suppose with the boys away, the girls who are not in the services do not feel inclined to organise a series of "hen" parties, nor do they go for long walks or hikes as hitherto.

If you feel disinclined to play tennis, take an interest in the vegetable patch at the week-ends, or force yourself into going for brisk walks around the countryside, even around the more open and attractive streets of suburbia.

Or you can do exercises at the open window, on the sun-porch, or in a secluded spot in the back garden.

Tone-up your muscles this way,



IN ORDER to help keep her figure trim and her skin clear and radiant, Nancy Gates, RKO starlet, plays a brisk game of tennis daily. Tennis is marvellous for you in winter—as well as in summer.

get the circulation going, and bring back life into your skin with massage.

Washing the face in warm soapy water and then splashing it well with ice-cold water is a helpful tonic.

The juice of a lemon taken in a glassful of water on arising each

morning is also a help towards banishing that muddy-looking skin.

Even in the winter-time you should eat your daily quota of salads and fresh fruit. Don't exist on stews and boiled or steamed puddings. They are fatal to skin, and your figure. Eat some pineapple (or drink the juice) or an orange every day.

A perfect 'set' this easy way!



Lovely, natural-looking waves . . . made with a few drops of Amami Wave Set . . . waves and curls that "stay put" all day long. And they're so easy to do. Get some Amami Wave Set now, and follow the full, simple directions with each bottle. Amami Wave Set is not oily or sticky and dries very quickly.

**AMAMI
WAVE SET**

★ For the finishing touch use Amami Brilliantine tinted in four different tones for fair, auburn, dark and grey hair.

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie Aust. Pty. Ltd. (Inc. in Vic.), Melbourne, C.I.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

NEEDLEWORK Notions

"Good morning" teaset



HERE you see a close-up of the bonny 3-piece breakfast-tray set.

FOR BABY

At right is shown an adorable set for baby, embracing dress, carrying-coat, nightdress, petticoat, bonnet, and bib.

The pattern and dainty embroidery motifs are clearly traced on to lovely crepe-de-chine or cosy win-cyette all in readiness to cut out, machine, and embroider.

Here are sizes and prices and number of coupons required:

Infants up to six months, crepe-de-chine: Bonnet 2/6 (2 coupons); bib, 2/3 (no coupons); carrying-coat, 8/11 (5 coupons); petticoat, 2/11 (2 coupons); nightdress, 8/9 (5 coupons); complete set, 32/6, plus 6d. postage.

To fit babies 12 to 18 months: Bonnet 2/9, bib 2/6, coat 9/11, petticoat 3/3, frock 9/9, nightdress 9/3, complete set 37/6, plus 6d. postage. In white, cream, or pink win-cyette. Infants to 6 months, bonnet 1/11, bib 1/9, coat 6/11, petticoat 3/3, frock 7/6, nightdress 7/6. Complete set 25/-.

To fit babies 12 to 18 months: Bonnet 2/3, bib 2/-, coat 7/3, petticoat 2/6, frock 7/11, nightdress 7/11, complete set 27/6, plus 9d. postage.

Patterns only: Complete set 2/8 or 1/1 each. Transfer 1/6.



157

READ ALL ABOUT this six-piece set for baby. Coupons required are also listed.

Here's a dear little jacket

THIS chic, gay jacket (No. 249) is obtainable from our Needlework Department, with the design clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

It comes in good quality, heavy-woven linen in shades of white, natural, blue, sage-blue, sunset-pink, dusty-pink, and grey.

Work in a bright shade to contrast with the chosen material.

Sizes: 32 and 34-inch bust, price 10/11 complete; 36 and 38-inch bust, price 12/11 complete. (6 coupons required.) Plus 6d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/7.

Embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra.



249

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Introduction
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You, too, will
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In hygienic gold-lined
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MIRA
PLUM JAM

Rosella



"A nurse has to be on her toes in the baby ward! Tiny babies can't be kept waiting—no matter what! That's why on 'difficult days' I'm doubly grateful for Miracle Modess. It has a wonderfully soft filler of fluff . . . and a grand feature called 'Moisture Zoning'—specially designed to lessen chafing! It doesn't bother me nowadays if I have to be on the go with Miracle Modess I'm gloriously comfortable!"

Get Modess to-day, it is more economical!



Try it now!
New Miracle Modess
with 'Moisture Zoning'

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

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POLISHED SHOES
ARE
PROTECTED SHOES

They wear longer and so reduce the
need for labour to make new shoes . .

POLISH AND PROTECT
YOUR SHOES WITH

'NUGGET'

Use it sparingly — a little goes a long way

Kidney Trouble and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Take Cystex and You'll Feel Fine. Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—improves faulty kidney action in double quick time, so if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Puffy Ankles, go to your chemist today for Cystex.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

- (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
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- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 63 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—Mrs. M. L. Egan, Thompson Estate, Brisbane.

Now Able to Walk Without Stick. "I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pains in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pains anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint."—(Bgd.) J. McPherson, Rungtong Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back. Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now!

Now in 2 sizes—1/3, 4/-, 8/-.

This is a
GUARANTEED Cystex
Treatment
for Your Kidneys, Rheumatism

Every week: cash prizes for recipes

WHEN you read this week's first prize for American apple doughboys, most of you will say: "I must try these."

They are easy, so make plenty because, hot or cold, they are of the can-I-have-another variety.

The parsley pie from Victoria deserves a prize. Because of its high vitamin and mineral value parsley is gaining wide recognition as a good food as well as an attractive garnish. This bacon, egg, and heap-of-parsley pie should taste delicious.

"The sunset casserole has a bachelor-girl air to me," says Olwen Francis.

Home from work, guests to dinner, and something quick, attractive, and feminine wanted for the menu—fruit with meat is a taste worth cultivating.

Try the apple butter recipe, from Tasmania, with your hot scones next Saturday night, and you will know why it won a prize.

The orange puffs on our list are good for a dinner sweet or a tea-party. There's something about an orange flavor in a cake, but orange puffs sprinkled while hot with grated chocolate sound irresistible.

The fruit salad jam is a luscious recipe, and it's good to add another variety to our melon jam lists.

AMERICAN APPLE DOUGHBOYS

Take three or four nice apples of equal size. Peel, core, and cut into rounds. Make some short pastry, roll out thinly, and cut into rounds an eighth of an inch larger than the apple rounds, making twice as many rounds of pastry as there are apple rounds.

Put each piece of apple on a piece of pastry. Fill the hole in the apple with raspberry jam and sprinkle with castor sugar.

Moisten edges of the pastry with milk, and cover with a second round of pastry. Bake in a hot oven

● It takes but three minutes to write out a recipe for our cookery contest. Winners reap hard cash, and countless other homemakers benefit, too. They use prizewinning recipes to brighten menus.

and sprinkle the top with castor sugar. These are delicious with cream.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. H. McIntosh, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

PARSLEY PIE

Take 2 cups minced parsley and place in a pie-dish or tart-plate. Chop finely 3 or 4 rashers of bacon and boil 5 minutes so that the salt is removed. Strain the water off and spread the bacon over the parsley. Beat 2 eggs well and add a little milk, pepper, and salt to taste. Pour this over the parsley and bacon and cover with pastry. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Remove the pie, lift the paste gently, and mix in 1 cup cream. Replace the pastry and cook again for 10 minutes (the cream may be omitted).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. D. Bunte, Flat 1, 34 Howitt St., St. Yarra SE1, Vic.

SUNSET CASSEROLE

This is one of those useful recipes where almost any cold meat may be used, although I recommend veal, pork, ham, or tripe. Any kind of tinned fruit (except strawberries) may be used, but sliced peaches are particularly delicious.

Take a number of slices of cold meat, cut rather thinly, and on each slice place about four slices of tinned peaches. Roll up the slice neatly, and tie or secure with a cocktail pick. Place these olives in a casserole and pour over them the following sauce:

Quarter-pint juice from fruit, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, paprika, 1 level dessert-spoon arrowroot.

Put juice, the sauces and seasonings into a pan, and bring to the boil. Break down the arrowroot with 1 gill of cold water and add this to the contents of the pan. Stir till smooth. This sauce should be a deep orange-red color. Pour this sauce over the meat in the casserole, and place it in the oven till it is thoroughly hot. Serve with duchess potatoes and fresh green peas.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Osborne, 1a Chatsbury, Ithaca Rd., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

ORANGE PUFFS

One-third cup butter or margarine, 1 cup sugar, 2 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup orange juice, 11 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, chocolate.

Cream butter gradually, add sugar and then eggs and juice. Sift dry ingredients and stir in lightly alternately with milk. Place in patties. Bake 35 minutes. While hot sprinkle with grated chocolate.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Chalmers, c/o Post Office, Donnybrook, Vic.

Help yourself — help others!

COOKING is more fun for you and the family if you try your hand now and then at fashioning new recipes from old ones. When the family cheer, pass on your result to our reader competition, £1 is paid for the best recipe of the week, and 2/6 for every other published.

FRUIT SALAD JAM

Fourteen pounds jam melon, 10lb. sugar, 4 oranges, 2 lemons, 1 pineapple, 6 bananas, 12 passionfruit, 3 grated cooking apples.

Peel and dice melon, sprinkle with sugar, and leave till next day. Shred oranges and lemons, cut pineapple, and bruise bananas with a fork. Put all in a preserving pan with remainder of sugar. Place passionfruit pulp and seeds in a muslin bag. Boil till jam jells when tested.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Dickinson, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Vic.

APPLE BUTTER

One pound apples, 2 lemons, 1lb. white sugar, 3oz. butter.

Peel and stew apples with as little water as possible, then rub through sieve, grate lemon rind, and squeeze out juice onto apples. Melt butter in saucepan, add grated rind of lemon, apples, and sugar. Stir over gentle heat for 30-40 minutes. (This burns quickly, so must not be left unattended.) Allow to cool, put in pots, and tie down.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. E. Menzie, Franklin Rd., Huenville, Tas.

Food for Fitness

From opposite page

FOOD FOR GENERAL TONE AND NERVOUS SYSTEM

Balanced menus, including the essential foods (see centre chart on opposite page), correctly cooked and attractively served, are essential for the general health and vitality of the body.

Vitamin A foods are essential for general vitality and nervous stability. Dairy foods are important here.

Vitamin B is called the anti-neuritic vitamin. It is a tonic for that "tired feeling." Lack of vitamin B shows itself in poor appetite, dyspepsia, lack of stamina, and chronic fatigue.

Foods rich in vitamin B are wholemeal or whole grain cereal preparations, eggs, milk, meat, and salad greens and oranges.

Fat is thought to form a protective layer of fat around the nerves. Over-dieting and consequent breaking down of fatty tissue can lead to extreme nervous irritability.

Mal-nourishment, especially in children, often brings about spurts of nervous activity followed by exhaustion.

Mineral salts, especially calcium, phosphorus, and iron salts, are necessary for healthy nerve condition. Dairy foods, whole cereals, peas, beans, carrots, spinach, nuts, potatoes are important.

FOOD AND COOKING

Food is cooked to make it more palatable and digestible.

Vitamin content can be lowered or lost in cooking. The value of vitamin A is partly destroyed by heat. Vitamin B is not destroyed by cooking. Vitamin C is water-soluble and easily destroyed by heat. The value of vitamin D is not affected by cooking.

Mineral salts are soluble in water and may be lost by soaking or cooking in water.

Do not cook foods that are palatable and palatable when uncooked. Include one service of raw food in the diet daily.



RICE, snowy-white and fluffy, is a boon to the menu-maker. It combines readily with either sweet or savory foods; it is a budget stretcher,

too. The sweet in our picture is made by combining rice, cherry-colored rhubarb, and honey-flavored cream whipped to a nicety.

BULLSEYE.



WHEN CUPID THREW HIS FIERY DART IT FLEW STRAIGHT INTO PETER'S HEART.



BUT THOUGH JEAN TOO HAD FELT LOVE'S STING, HER TENDER PASSION SOON TOOK WING.



FOR PETER'S DIRTY HANDS OFFENDED—A SHOCKING CRIME IN ONE'S INTENDED.



BUT EVERYTHING TURNED OUT O.K. WHEN SOLVOL CLEARED THE GRIME AWAY.

TOILET SOAP WON'T SHIFT EMBEDDED DIRT — BUT SOLVOL WILL. ITS THICK CLEAN-SCENTED LATHER MOVES SLUDGE AND CAKED GRIME WITHIN SECONDS.

SOLVOL



5-46-2



Food for Fitness

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

GOOD food is the heritage of all Australians. The housewife's part in preserving this heritage is careful food budgeting, planned marketing, correct cooking. Remember, necessities first, luxuries afterwards!

FOOD FOR HEALTHY GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT

Protein foods are flesh building and repairing. When heavy physical work is done more protein food is required. Foods rich in protein are meat, fish, milk, cheese, eggs, and dried pulses (peas and beans). The cheaper cuts of meat are as valuable as the more expensive.

Mineral salts, as calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sodium, and potassium salts, are necessary for healthy tissue building and the sound formation of bones and teeth. Foods rich in these salts are milk, eggs, cheese, meat sundries (as liver), whole cereals, and green vegetables.

Vitamins are essential for healthy growth and development.

Vitamin B deficiency causes sub-normal growth. Foods rich in vitamin B are whole cereals, salad vegetables, fresh fruit, milk, and meat.

Vitamin D deficiency causes mal-formation of bones. This vitamin is manufactured by exposed areas of the skin in sunlight. Foods rich in vitamin D are fish liver oils, milk, eggs, butter.

FOOD FOR RESISTANCE TO DISEASE

A balanced diet is essential for healthy resistance to disease. See centre chart.

Vitamin foods are called protective foods. Lack or deficiency of vitamin foods in the diet causes sub-normal physical and nervous conditions.

Vitamin A is the anti-infection vitamin. A deficiency of vitamin A leads to a susceptibility to infection and eye trouble.

Recent research seems to indicate

that the ordinary cold and many of its coincident symptoms result from a deficiency of vitamin A in the diet, and that if there is an increase of vitamin-active fats during the winter colds are less frequent.

Foods rich in vitamin A are the animal fats, fish oils, milk, eggs, butter, cream, cheese, carrots, and dark greens.

Vitamin B is essential, and lack in the diet may lead to the disease, beri-beri. Resistance to disease, especially to infections from fever, is built up by vitamin B.

Foods rich in vitamin B are whole cereals, milk, eggs, and citrus fruits.

Vitamin C deficiency causes lowered resistance to infection. Fresh fruit and raw vegetables are rich in vitamin C.

Vitamin D is necessary for healthy bones and teeth. Deficiency may cause rickets and dental decay. Vitamin D is found in animal fats.

Mineral Salts are essential in the diet. Calcium foods, dairy foods and greens, are of great importance to the mother-to-be; deficiency results in decaying teeth and weakened bones and an "ailing" child.

It is better to take iron foods, liver, whole cereals, and greens, as a food rather than as a medicine. The iodine of sea foods and greens is essential for the proper functioning of the thyroid glands.

FOOD FOR WARMTH AND ENERGY

(High caloric value)

Sugar is one of the cheapest fuel foods. It is an important source of muscular energy. It is fat-forming, and also spares part of the body fat from use and breaking down. Sugar in the diet is from white and brown sugar, treacle, syrup, and honey.

Starch is a valuable and cheap fuel food. The main starch foods are cereals and potatoes. When wheat is milled the bran coats and germ of the grains are removed, and most of the protein, also the fat, mineral and vitamin content of the flour lost.

It is important to remember that the appetite must not be satisfied by starchy foods at the expense of

the more valuable protective foods (dairy foods, fruit, and greens).

Fat is an important and concentrated heat and energy food. It is the most expensive of the fuel foods. Its occurrence in the diet is usually associated with the valuable fat-soluble vitamin D.

Food sources of fat are butter, cream, cheese, egg-yolk, meat fat, and vegetable oils.

Meat, while mainly important as a building food and a source of vitamin B, has a fairly high caloric or energy value.

FOOD FOR DENTAL HEALTH

Mineral salts, especially calcium and phosphorus, are essential in the building of sound teeth. The

main source of these salts is milk, eggs, and cheese.

The calcium of vegetables is not as readily used by children as that of milk. Half a cup of milk yields about one-fifth of the child's daily calcium requirement.

An inadequate supply of milk and green vegetables in the diet of the mother-to-be results in poor teeth for the child, however carefully planned the diet is after birth.

Vitamin D foods should be an important part of the diet when teeth are developing and for school children. Vitamin D is important in the prevention of decay.

Important vitamin D foods are milk, fish oils, eggs, and butter.

• Buoyant health and bodily fitness are essential to the joy of living, high morale, and mental and physical efficiency. The foundation of health is laid and maintained by the essential foods listed on this page.

OUR DAILY FOOD

Essential Foods.	Necessary Amount.
MILK	Adults: 1 pint. Children: 2 pints to drink or eat in food.
BUTTER	1½ozs. Further fat up to 2½ozs. from other animal or vegetable fats.
CHEESE	Use often in cooking, salads, and desserts. (1oz.—approx. 2-3rd cup milk.)
EGGS	Adults: 2 or 3 each week. Children: 3 or 4 each week, and more if budget allows.
MEAT	1 or more servings a day. A meat sundry (liver, brains, etc.) each week.
FISH	Once each week when possible.
FRUIT —Citrus fruit, pineapple or tomato. Other fruit	1 serving (fruit or juice) each day.
VEGETABLES —Green, Yellow, and Leafy. Potato or other vegetables	1 piece.
Raw vegetables (salad)	1 or more servings (av. ½ cup cooked).
CEREALS —Whole grain cereal. Wholemeal bread	1 serving (average ½ cup). 2 or more servings (av. serving 2 slices).

NOTE: Check your supplies with the above chart, and as far as possible make up missing amounts.

Hard foods such as apples, celery, and crusts should be included frequently in the diet for dental exercise and cleansing. Young children can be given a piece of apple at the end of each meal.

The toothbrush habit and the regular use of a mild saline wash should be made part of the child's routine.

FOOD FOR HEALTH OF BLOOD AND SKIN

Mineral salts, as iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium, are essential to the diet. Calcium is needed for the healthy coagulation of the blood.

The main calcium foods are milk, eggs, butter, cheese, and potatoes.

Iron is needed for the formation of haemoglobin, the oxygen carrier of the blood. Important iron foods are liver, whole cereals, and green vegetables.

Vitamin deficiency leads to disorders of the blood and skin.

Vitamin A deficiency usually first shows itself in dryness of the skin and in skin eruptions. Foods rich in vitamin A are animal fats, carrots, and potatoes.

Vitamin B deficiency may lead to anaemia and faulty elimination. Foods rich in vitamin B are whole cereals, liver, yeast, dark greens, milk, eggs, bananas, nuts.

Vitamin C deficiency may cause skin affections and lead to scurvy. Foods rich in vitamin C are oranges, lemons, tomatoes, lettuce, fresh milk.

Alkaline foods are essential in the diet to maintain the alkaline balance of the blood. Certain foods contain acids and others alkalis; it is better for alkaline foods rather than acid foods to predominate.

Alkaline foods include carrots, turnips, potatoes, onions, milk, peas, beans, orange and lemon juice.

Roughage is the fine, woody fibre of foods which acts as a natural laxative. Good roughage foods are wholemeal, bran, fresh fruit, salad vegetables.

Water is necessary for healthy elimination through the skin, kidneys, and bowels. Two and a half pints of liquid are required each day for an adult.

See opposite page





Curls to Conquer

Curls permed with Eugeneol "B" sachets are shining examples! Eugeneol "B" were especially made to safely curl bleached hair, but are equally suitable for coarse and naturally wavy textures. Eugeneol "B" eliminate frizz entirely, bring new light and lustre to your curls. For your next perm, say Eugeneol "B" sachets.

eugène

There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

Sole Distributors:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
All States.

In Middle-Age-Kidneys Often Need This Help

Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy bladder action of youth. While this is to be expected in a degree, if passage is frequent and scanty, accompanied by burning and stinging, Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day of about 3 pounds of waste. An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 million of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today. They are a special remedy for the kidneys and will give quick and lasting benefit. Old and young alike can take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS with perfect safety.



THE "MOTHERING" HOUR—or the clean-up at the end of a busy day. This interesting picture was caught by our photographer at a kindergarten. Skin cleanliness is a necessary precaution against impetigo.

Guard them against skin sores

● Impetigo contagiosa (school sores) is, as the name suggests, a very contagious skin disease.

—Says MEDICO.

IT is easily transmitted from one person to another. All are susceptible, but it affects children more than grown-ups.

It is easy to distinguish from heat rashes and acne, though it, too, chooses the face for its favorite site, especially around the mouth and

nose. It may, however, start on any part of the body, and if a child scratches the sores he can rapidly spread the infection.

It is characterised by raw, red patches, starting about the size of a pin-head, enlarging quickly, and in a few days forms a yellow crust.

Left alone it takes its course—the crusts dry, fall off, gradually the redness fades, and no scars result. But fresh crops will go on appearing for several weeks. If properly treated and not spread by scratching, it should be cleared in a fortnight.

Children feel no ill-effects, and must be encouraged to play out of doors, but keep them back from school and so lessen contact with others, as impetigo is exceedingly catching. In schools it often develops to the proportions of a minor epidemic, being contagious by direct contact and indirectly by touching infected articles.

Cover the sores with pieces of elastic adhesive tape about the size of a postage stamp and leave them on for a week. (The skin around the sores must be clean and dry to secure the tape.)

This treatment will not only cure it, but prevent the infection from spreading.

If you can't get elastic adhesive

plaster, buy an ounce of weak white precipitate ointment and use that. Soften the scab and skin first, however, with small swabs of absorbent cotton soaked in warm olive oil.

Impetigo is found mostly among children living in crowded houses, such as slums and holiday camps. Though dirt and neglect will aid it, there is nothing to stop a well-fed, clean child from catching the disease by contact.

It is only serious in the case of a baby. The raw patches will cover a large area, and, unlike an older child, a baby may appear to be ill. The treatment is the same.

Why Colds are 'Common'

Our bodies are like fortresses under constant assault from myriads of germs. We go down with colds and 'flu at this time of year, not necessarily because the attack is more severe than usual but because our defences are less strong.

Due to the shortage of Vitamin B in food, few people are assured of that reserve of vitality which forms the first line of defence against infection.

The sure way to get the 200 extra units of Vitamin B1 every day that doctors insist we need is to take Bemax daily at breakfast. Bemax is the richest natural source of Vitamin B.

It is difficult to emphasize enough the tremendous difference between ordinary foods and such a concentrated yet natural source of Vitamin B as Bemax. Oatmeal porridge, for instance, is sometimes thought of in this connection, but you would need 8 plates of porridge to give the extra 200 units of Vitamin B1 that are provided by one tablespoonful of Bemax.

The 3/6 tin of Bemax from your Chemist or Store lasts a month. Send card for free copy of "Vitamins and Health" to B. Max (Dept. F01), P.O. Box 3679SS, Sydney.

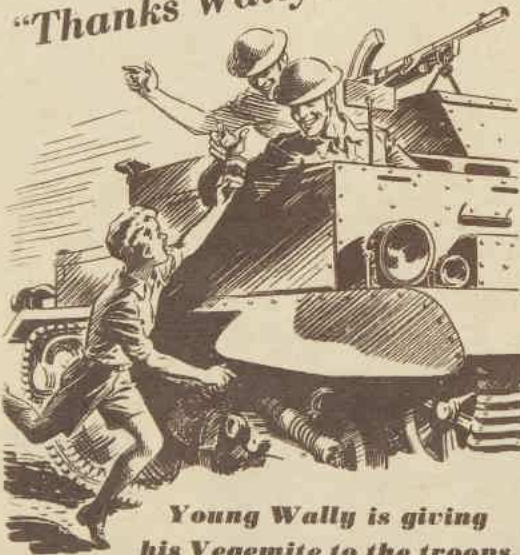
SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Remove unsightly hairs with the aid of "Vanix". Firstly obtain a bottle of "Vanix" and follow the simple directions. After the first application the hairs will become less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

"VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the devastating effect of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. "Vanix" is a product of The Van Schevder (Aust.) Co. and is obtainable at 5/11 a bottle (posted 6/3) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches: Swift's Pharmacy, 322 Lili Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, 340 Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 236 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Nicks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

"Thanks Wally!"



It may seem strange, but by depriving yourself and your family of Vegemite, you are actually helping the War Effort. Every jar of Vegemite we can make is needed for our fighting men. As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B1, B2, and P.P. (the anti-pellagria factor). These three vitamins are

essential to physical fitness—that is why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas. So, if you notice a lack of Vegemite in your local shop, just remember that until we have won this war, a lot of Vegemite will be going to the troops. And in helping them, you're helping Australia along the road to victory.



VEGEMITE

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Social effects of ill-health in childhood

THE child who is physically fit stands a much better chance of a good adjustment to life than an ailing one.

A protracted illness, physical disability or weakness can affect or modify development of character.

For instance, one delicate child may succeed in becoming the focus for the whole family, the other children being made to give in to him so that he shall not be upset.

Therefore, the child becomes selfish and apologetic and will later become unpopular.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed, stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4998WW, G.P.O. Sydney.

Please enclose your envelope "Mothercraft."

For Blood, Veins, and Arteries

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical treatment, which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the action of "Elasto." Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the arteries become supple, skin troubles clear up, and leg wounds heal naturally. There is quick relief from piles and rheumatism in all its forms. This is not magic. It is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by "Elasto"—the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is "Elasto"?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that "Elasto" is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

What Users of "Elasto" say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Relieved my Rheumatism and Neuritis."

"Elasto" has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "ELASTO," Box 1652W, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of "Elasto" (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself what a wonderful difference "Elasto" makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

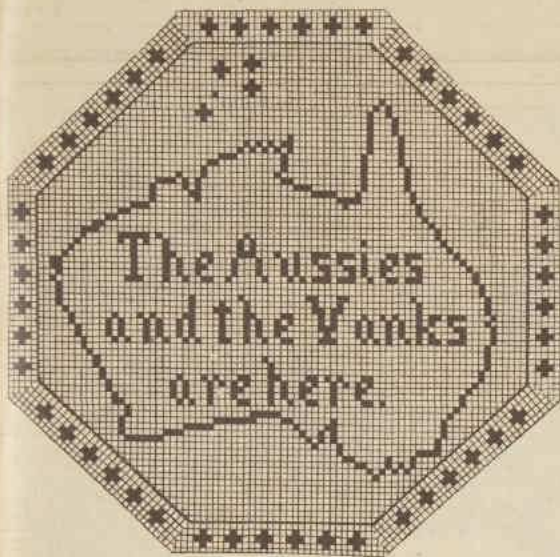
EVAN WILLIAMS

SHAMPOO.

Essential hair health!

Novel up-to-the-minute design in crochet

● An enthusiastic war-worker was inspired by the title and words of a patriotic song to create this centre-piece or d'oyley. If you like it, crochet it for interest and use it in your home.



HERE IS A CHART to guide you in the working of crochet centre-piece. Simple, easy-to-follow directions are given on this page.

YOU will notice that the 48 stars of the U.S.A. flag are incorporated in the border and the Southern Cross of the Australian flag points to the map of Australia, enclosing the stirring words: "The Aussies and Yanks are here."

The chart featured above will act as a guide in the working and simplify the directions for making which follow.

Worked in No. 80 mercer cotton and with No. 5½ steel hook, this design measures 12 inches across.

If worked in No. 40 cotton or fine wool of any shade it would be large enough for a cushion-top.

One ball of cotton is ample. Commence design at either side, using 95 chain for foundation of 30 open squares, and



THOSE OF YOU who love crochet will be quick to make this centre-piece incorporating the 48 stars of the U.S.A. flag, the Southern Cross of the Australian flag, with map and stirring words.

using 5 chain for slanting increase one end and 2 chain and 1 long treble at other.

Continue thus until design is 78 squares wide, working in design with each row.

Work without increase for 30 rows and then start decreasing, using 3 chain at one end and 1 long treble at other till work is again 30 squares wide.

Double-crochet all round, using 2 d.c. in each loop on all straight sides and 3 d.c. on slant sides and 1 d.c. in all trebles.

1st Row: Work thirty, 2 chain 1 treble into all eight sides. (Slant sides on chart show several more spaces which would make a fullness if put in.) Use 1 extra treble and 3 chain for increase at corners.

2nd Row: 3 chain, 1 treble, 3 ch. on the 3 ch. at corners. Begin stars.

3rd Row: Same corners as 1st row.

4th Row: Same as second. Finish stars.

5th Row: 34 spaces. Two treble into corner treble only. Edging: Work 2 double-crochet on each space, 1 double-crochet on all treble. Work 3 chain loop on space above centre of each star.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

WAS there an atmosphere in the house when a scratch appeared on the dining-room table? Nobody did it, of course, but Miss Precious Minutes removed same by soaking it with linseed oil and salt, and then polishing with lots of elbow grease.

CHIPS on the edges of china plates or dishes will scarcely be noticeable if dabbed over with a little matching enamel.

IF the inside of a coat collar becomes greasy and soiled, put a tablespoon of ammonia into a pint of hot water, dip a clean nailbrush or old toothbrush into this, and brush the collar well. Dry by rubbing with a clean cloth, then hang in the open air for an hour or so.

DON'T use a sheet of newspaper to "draw up" the fire, because it so often gets burnt and wasted. Try to find an old tin tray or a sheet of three-ply wood to use instead.

MOTHER makes her own furniture polish this way: She mixes equal parts of linseed oil, turpentine, methylated spirit, and vinegar. Why worry about mirrors when you can see your face in the sideboard?

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Just a Few Sips and—
Like a Flash—Relief!
Sleep Sound All Night.

To-day at any chemist or store get a bottle of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardy cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

Buckley's
CANADIOL
MIXTURE
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT



A WHITE or light beige felt hat like the one Susan Peters, Warner Bros. star, pictured above, is wearing can be cleaned at home. Rub magnesia (block) well into hat, put into pillowslip for 24 hours, then brush thoroughly—in the open air, of course.



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



It turns 'em out fine!

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.

MACLEANS tones up the gums... makes them firm, hard and healthy.

MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.

1/1½ & 1/7½
PER TUBE



BRITISH
TO THE TEETH

BREAKFAST AT THE HOTEL SUPER-SPLENDE

IT'S AMAZING THE WAY EVERYONE LIKES KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE EXTRA CRISP EXTRA CRUNCHY AND DELICIOUS PERSONALLY I WOULD ONLY HAVE ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR IS EQUAL IN ENERGY VALUE TO FIVE SAUSAGES, THREE EGGS OR THREE LARGE HELPINGS OF FRIED FISH!

I DON'T WONDER! AFTER ALL, KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES ARE MADE FROM THE FINEST WHITE AUSTRALIAN CORN!

YOUR TABLE IS READY, SIR, AND WE HAD THE STRAWBERRIES SPECIALLY FLOWN UP FOR YOU AS PER YOUR CABLE!

SPLENDID! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I LIKE, IT'S STRAWBERRIES OUT OF SEASON WITH DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

ISN'T THAT AMAZING! THE PRODUCTS WALKING IN NOW?

YES, AND HIS WIFE LOOKS FIFTY YEARS YOUNGER TO ME!

JUST MORE THOSE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES MORE INTO THE PICTURE! DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SWIM 750 YARDS ON THE ENERGY PROVIDED BY ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR?

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES STAY FRESH TO THE LAST FLAKE BECAUSE ONLY KELLOGG'S HAVE THAT WAXITE INNERSEALED WRAPPER!

MY FATHER DIES 30/- A DAY FOR ME AT THIS HOTEL! I WANT THE WHOLE RACKET OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES RIGHT HERE ON THE TABLE!

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE HOTEL SUPER-SPLENDE! KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES HAVE FIRST PLACE ON OUR MENU! THEY'RE CRISPER, TWICE AS TASTY AND TWICE AS FRESH AS ANY OTHERS!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

Wear them and love them!

JULY POSIES IN WOOL

● Bits of gaily-colored wool make collar and pocket set as smart as any you've ever worn and they need not cost you one coupon!

THE girl in the picture wears a collar two inches wide and a pocket four and one-half inches wide and three and one-half inches deep.

Lovely way to brighten up last year's frock, don't you think?

You may use any colored wool you fancy, but do introduce green leaves and a little black for smart relief.

Here are the directions for making yourself a posy collar and pocket.

Materials: Odd lengths of colored wool including green and black; canvas; 1 No. 14 crochet hook and 2 safety-pins.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; d.tr., double treble; tr., treble; sl.st., slip-stitch; sts., stitches; st.st., stocking-stitch.

CROCHET COLLAR

Cut canvas to shape of collar required and trim all edges with buttonhole-stitch.

Flowers: Work 4 ch. and join into a ring with a sl.st. Work 3 ch., then work 13 tr. into the ring and join with a sl.st. to the top of the 3 ch. at the beginning. Fasten off.

Bell Flowers: Work 4 ch. and join into a ring with a sl.st. Work 4 ch., then work 14 d.tr. into the ring and join with a sl.st. to top of 4 ch. at the beginning. Fasten off.

Berries: Work 4 ch. and join into a ring with a sl.st. Work 3 ch., then work 12 tr. into the ring and join with a sl.st. to top of 3 ch. at the beginning, then gather round the tops of the tr., draw up and fasten off securely.

Leaves: Work 7 ch., miss first ch., 1 d.c. in next 2 ch., 1 tr. in next 3 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 4 d.c. in last ch. Work down the opposite side thus: 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 tr. in next 2 ch., 1 d.c. in last 2 ch. Fasten off.

MAKING UP

Make several of each kind of flower, berries and leaves, then fix the flowers to the canvas base by a black french knot through the centre, then sew on the berries. Sew the leaves round the edges of the canvas.

POCKET ADDITION

First cut out the canvas to the shape of the pocket.

Berries: Work 4 ch. and join into a ring with a sl.st. Work 3 ch., then work 13 tr. into the ring and join with a sl.st. to the top of the 3 ch. at the beginning, then gather round the tops of the tr., draw up, and fasten off neatly. Make two more berries in the same color. Now make several sets of berries in different colors.

Leaves: Using green, work 7 ch., turn. Miss 1 ch., then work 1 d.c. in next 2 ch., 1 tr. in next 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., 4 d.c. in last ch. Work down the opposite side of the ch. thus: 1 d.c. in next ch., 1 tr. in next 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next 2 ch. Fasten off.

Sew the leaves to the edges of the canvas, pulling them about in different directions in order to avoid a stiff appearance. Sew on the berries to the centre in groups of three of the same color.

This can be used as a small pocket in itself, with the broad side upwards, as shown in the picture; or it can be tacked as a posy on an existing pocket.



A NOVEL and quite different way to use up those odds and ends of wool—make yourself this crocheted collar and pocket set. Anyone who can use the crochet needle can make the set. Just follow directions.



You are the one he depends on...

You, Mother, are the most important person in your child's existence. Yours is the responsibility of seeing that his diet lacks none of the vital elements necessary for robust health and sturdy growth.

Horlicks is a complete food in itself, containing all the elements necessary for sturdy growth and physical development. Horlicks contains up to 15% body building protein. One-half of this protein is derived from full

cream milk, one of the very best "protective" foods.

Calcium... essential for the formation of sound teeth and strong bones... is present in Horlicks to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. In addition, the natural milk sugar and malt sugar in Horlicks produce extra energy almost at once. These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not tax your child's digestion.

Children love Horlicks. Its malty sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things, without overloading the stomach.

Horlicks is so economical too. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/- or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



HORLICKS



For Your Emergency Store

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the lid is replaced tightly.

Here's a cosy vest to knit yourself

● Woollen underwear is a necessity this winter, but it must be well-fitting and not bulky.

THIS long vest is form-fitting—no bulkiness to contend with.

Easily knitted for yourself with 3oz. of 2-ply wool.

It has been designed to fit sizes 32 to 36, and will prove a cosy blessing to the wearer.

Materials: 3oz. of 2-ply wool; 2 No. 8 and 2 No. 12 knitting needles; a medium-sized crochet hook; 1 yard ribbon.

Measurements: Length, 25ins. (excluding points); bust, 32 to 36ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; ins., inches; rep., repeat; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slipped st. over; wl. fwd., wool forward.

Tension: With No. 8 needles, 1 pattern measures about 2ins. when slightly stretched.

FRONT

With No. 8 needles, cast on 113 sts., and work in pattern thus:

1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, p 2, k 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., wl. fwd., k 1, p 2, * k 1 (p 1, k 1) twice, p 2, k 1, wl. fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., wl. fwd., k 1, p 2; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, k 1, p 1, k 2, p 5, k 2, * p 1 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 2, p 5, k 2; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1.

3rd Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, p 2, k 5, p 2, * k 1 (p 1, k 1) twice, p 2, k 5,

p 2; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1.

4th Row: P 1, k 1, p 1, k 2, p 5, k 2, * p 1 (k 1, p 1) twice, k 2, p 5, k 2; rep. from * to the last 3 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1.

These 4 rows form the pattern. Repeat them until work measures 14ins., ending with a row on the wrong side. Change to No. 12 needles.

Next Row: * K 3, k 2 tog., k 3; rep. from * to last st., k 1 (99 sts.).

Next Row: Sl. 1, * k 1, p 1; rep. from * to end.

Next Row: * K 1, p 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Repeat last two rows for 5ins. Change to No. 8 needles, and continue in pattern as given for lower part of vest for a further 6ins. ** Shape top as follows:

Next Row: Work 45 sts., cast off 9 sts., work to end. Working on last set of 45 sts., and keeping pattern correct, k 2 tog. at both ends of every row until 3 sts. remain; k 3 tog. Break off wool and fasten off. Rejoin wool at needle point, and work to match first side.

BACK

Work to match front as far as **, then cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work very lightly on wrong side, taking care not to stretch ribbing. Sew up side seams of vest. Using the crochet hook, work the following picot edge round top: 1



IF you have to buy your wool you will need to hand over 14 coupons in order to make yourself this cosy vest, but worth it!

single crochet into first st; * 3 chain, 1 double crochet into first of these chain; miss 1 st. of foundation, 1 single crochet into next. Repeat from * all round. Sew on shoulder straps, and press seams and crochet edging.

To Relieve Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that often gives relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing improved to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Eucalypti (double-strength). Take at home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

Eucalypti is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, ringing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial!***

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

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How to prune your roses



ROSE BUSH before pruning showing tangled centre and many spent leaves. If your rose bushes are looking like this, get to work with the secateurs.



ACTUAL PRUNING. Holding and cutting rose stem just above a pump outward-pointing eye. Note shape of cut being made in order to shed water.



THE same rose bush after expert pruning, showing how the stems are cut to outward-pointing eyes or buds and removal or shortening of spindly growth.

- There can be no hard and fast rule about rose-pruning. Wait for the rose to give you a lead...

Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

PEOPLE are always asking me when roses should be pruned, and expect me to provide them with a calendar of fixed days and dates, but nature doesn't grow to schedule and her children have to be treated according to their needs.

You can't treat them all alike, for very few of them are alike. Buds should not be cut off simply because some atavistic element in the rose's make-up causes it to flower when it should be dreaming.

As to the time to begin pruning, this depends entirely on the condition of the bushes and the season experienced. In some years pruning can be done early, but generally along the coast of most of our warmer States July is the best month, and even then much depends upon the weather experienced. If cold and the bushes are dormant, or semi-dormant, for they rarely become entirely dormant in Australia, early July may suit them. If the weather is mild throughout June and



THIS PHOTOGRAPH was taken a few weeks back. Note the bees!

early July, the job can be left until late July or even until early August.

Watch your rose bushes and when the leaf buds, which are set at intervals along the stems, begin to grow red and plump, a certain sign that the sap is on the upward move again, prune them back.

New growth will not appear until the worst of the winter is over and the days are long enough to convince the bush that it is time to get ready for the spring pageant again.

All the frost experienced in the milder areas will not do much injury to the young growths which the bushes set going. Even on our highlands the new shoots are usually able to look after themselves.

That is why I say don't worry about your roses. Let the plants lead you instead of making your life miserable by trying to cut them back at "the right time." Watch for the move in the leaf buds on the stems and you will not go far wrong.

At the base of every strong leaf, and in many other places as well, the gardener will find leaf buds awaiting a chance which the rising sap will afford them. That is the safest course to take, and it can be followed by gardeners working in warm or cold districts.

On the question of what to cut away, the following advice covers several classes of roses. Pruning restricts the number of shoots and forces the energy and sap into fewer channels, making strength where there would otherwise be weakness. It also adds quality and beauty to the buds, and, incidentally, to the fully-opened flowers.

That is the object of pruning, and to achieve this purpose cut away all thin, spindly shoots; prune out all dead or yellow wood. No good can come from either. Any shoot or twig that failed to produce a flower last season should be trimmed out. Cut out the failures and all the woody bits which are of no use to any rose bush or climber.

Sometimes you will need to cut away a thick, dry stem which has become exhausted. Knock off the thorns with the back of the secateurs; grab the stem with the gloved left hand, and saw the stem away neatly, holding the stem firmly and steadily while cutting.

Red growths, which are known as waterhorns, must be left alone. Every sturdy red growth

leg for the rose bush to stand upon. Rather than cut away such a shoot it would be better to sacrifice one of the older, thinner stems.

And when pruning cut to a good plump eye that points outwards. Sometimes an inward eye or shoot may be left to improve the appearance and shape of the bush, but don't let inward growths crowd the bush. The best flowers are always those produced on the outside of the bush.

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